

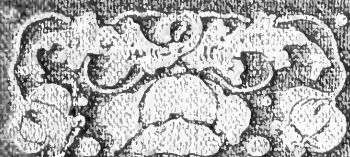
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CLUVIENUS HIS THOUGHTS.

CLUVIENUS
HIS THOUGHTS

BY

H. R. TOTTENHAM

St. John's Coll., Cambridge

Cambridge

E. JOHNSON, TRINITY STREET

1895

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PREFACE.

I have to thank the Editors of the *Cambridge Review* and the *Eagle* for their courtesy in allowing me to reprint these sketches. I can only say to them "This comes hoping that you and the army are well, as it leaves me at present." (Cicero, *Epp.*)

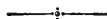
The proceeds of this little work (if any) will be devoted to a Classical Mission to the Stock Exchange; if, unfortunately, there should be a deficit, it is hoped that it may be met through the medium of the common or charitable hat.

H. R. TOTTENHAM.

St. John's College,
April, 1895.



CONTENTS.



	PAGE
PHILOSOPHY AND UMBRELLAS - - -	I
NOTES ON AN OLD-WORLD PLAY - - -	6
THE NAVAL CONTEST AT DITTON - - -	14
THE NIKOMACHEAN ETHICS OF WHIST - -	20
EPINIKIAN ODE TO THE AGRICULTURAL VOTER -	29
ANTHROPOLOGY FOR AMATEURS - - -	35
THE MAGNIFICENT MAN; WITH A DISQUISITION ON THE VOLUNTARY - - -	44
CAMBRIDGE AS SHE IS VISITED - - -	54
JUBILATE - - - - -	59
MR. ALMUS PATER - - - - -	64
A GRAMMARIAN'S VALENTINE - - - -	73
LETTERS TO LECTURERS. X.—TO DR. V-RR-LL	75
THE HIGHEST LOCALS - - - - -	80
ON NATURAL HISTORY - - - - -	86
AN IMPRESSIONIST ON POST-GRADUATE STUDY -	95
THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW- - - -	102
STYLE IN THE MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS - -	103
ΟΙΔΙΗΟΥ ΤΗΩΠΗΑΣΜΕΝΟΥ FRAGMENTUM - -	106



CLUVIENUS HIS THOUGHTS.

PHILOSOPHY AND UMBRELLAS.

(Cambridge Review, March 3, 1880).

EVERY one must acknowledge that an umbrella, besides being what Mr. Wemmick would call "a piece of portable property," is an absolute necessity of life in our Noachian climate, and so, when I discovered some ominous rents in my best Sunday-go-to-meeting "Paragon," my first impulse was naturally to get another. Now, to the ordinary mind of members of this University, whether mathematical, natural scientific, moral, or the reverse, the natural proceeding would have seemed to be to go to a shop where such articles are sold, select one which suited one's fancy, and, after settling the price by the "higgling of the market" (for which see Aristotle, Nic. Ethics, Bk. V., chap.—I don't know which, now that that too enthralling work has been so cut up, that its own mother wouldn't know it), have it put down in one's tutor's bill, unless one had started the ready-money system, deposit account, and so forth, for which see Prospectuses.

But not so to me,—I was a candidate for the last Classical Tripos, and I determined to avail

myself of the stores of philosophical learning which I then acquired. "How can I tell," I said to myself, "that the shopman may not be a philosopher, and perhaps ask me to define an umbrella, and then, through my inability to cope with him in the art of dialectic, I may be compelled to go away with a dozen collars or a hat-box? No, I will set about the matter methodically, and when I have arrived at the true knowledge of what an umbrella is, I shall be able so completely to crush him, that, perhaps, he may be even induced not to charge me more than twice what I should have to give for the same thing in London or elsewhere.

Now there are, I think we may safely say, three umbrellas:—the ideal umbrella in heaven, phenomenal umbrellas on earth, and, thirdly, painted pictures of the latter, and, corresponding to these three classes there are, I presume, three umbrella-makers, the god, the artificer, and the Royal Academician. The last class would clearly be of no use to me, and the first I am not likely to obtain, so, by the exhaustive process, I must direct my attention to the second class; but even of phenomenal umbrellas one can get no real knowledge, without grasping the ideal to a certain extent, for of course umbrellas are umbrellas only so far as they participate in *umbrellotés*. Now there is a method called *synagôgê* or "collection," (which must have been invented by some god), which enables you by comparing a number of individual phenomena to work up to the original, and then, as far as I remember, you work down

again by some back way—but it *is* such a time since the Tripos. Now, it hardly requires a practical syllogism to suggest that if you require a “collection” of umbrellas, the Union is the place to go for it. But I hadn’t got farther back than the swing-gate, with my collection under my arm, when two or three men rushed after me, and, seizing the phenomena, made some disparaging remarks as to my knowledge of the eighth commandment. I explained my intention, when one of them, I am afraid, called me a fool; however, I didn’t mind, I thought of my great master Sokratês, and reasoned with myself:—“I am a fool, and I know it; you are ditto, ditto, and don’t know it; so it’s fifteen love after all.” However, I didn’t say this out loud, as another syllogism was stealing into my mind, relative to the inadvisability of calling a man six foot high a fool.

But evidently in this money-grubbing age the method of collection breaks down, and I was almost in despair, when suddenly a light seemed to break in upon me, and, ejaculating the one word “*dihaeresis*,” I rushed off to my rooms. For the benefit of those few members of the University, who have not attended certain crowded lectures during the last year or so, I may state that the method of *dihaeresis* is this:—You select some sufficiently large class or “*hen*,” which contains the thing you want to define, and then divide it into two sub-classes, one of which shall include, and the other exclude the thing in question, and

then sub-divide the sub-class, and so on, till you get to the definition required,—in fact, first catch your “hen,” and then dichotomize her. Now, after mature deliberation, I fixed on everything that exists, as a good all-round “hen” to begin with, and was just going triumphantly to divide it into umbrellas and non-umbrellas, when an awful thought struck me,—I had been guilty of the heinous sin of jumping at once from the One to the Many, without calling at intermediate stations, and I know where people will go who do that sort of thing; I thought of Ardiæus and his thorn-bushes and trembled. No, we must start again, and why not divide everything into manufactured and unmanufactured things? Umbrellas (omitting skiapods, as they say in Arithmetic,) evidently belong to the first class. Good; again, manufactured things may be divided into useful and ornamental; umbrella (normally) belongs to the first class again. Once more, things useful may be divided into useful for offence and useful for defence; after some hesitation I choose the second division for a change. Then defence may be sub-divided into defence against the weather, and defence against other animals (fine Graecism, critical papers “please copy”). We’re getting on, but our definition would still include the Tower of Babel, if that interesting relic still remains to gladden the heart of some orthodox explorer, to say nothing of Adam’s original costume, and Neville’s Court during a shower; so suppose we divide defences against the weather into those

which shut up like a telescope, and those that don't. At last we have come to the definition of our word, that is, unless it still includes express trains. So off I went to the shop.

"Good morning; oh, if you please, I want a manufactured thing, said thing to be useful, said use to be for defence, said defence to be against the weather, and said thing must shut up like a telescope; and please put it down in my tutor's bill." By the way, oughtn't I to dichotomize my tutor too? but no, the result showed that the shopkeeper was no philosopher. He stared at me for a moment, and then, muttering, "I've got it," (I believe he thought I was asking conundrums)—dived under the counter, and produced—a Gibus hat.

I left that shop, and on my way home made a new dichotomy of everything into philosophy and common sense, and determined to restrict the former, for the future, to examination purposes.

NOTES ON AN OLD-WORLD PLAY.

(Cambridge Review, March 9, 1881).

Now that we have all been hearing so much of the Agamemnon and of Greek Drama, it seems a fitting occasion for me to make public some notes of an Old-World Play, at which I have lately had the privilege of attending.

I was walking down the street the other day, when suddenly before me I saw a small wooden stage, and standing, or rather reclining, on the proscenium appeared a grotesque figure. On approaching I found that the play was just going to commence, and I began to note the details; the orchestra, with no doubt the thymele,—contrary, I believe, to classical custom—was situated beneath the stage, and screened from view by a green baize curtain, nor was I at a loss to understand the reason, when to my astonishment I distinctly made out that the strains were those of the enervating Mixolydian measure, which it is to be hoped our Rulers will soon banish from the city, together with Compulsory Greek, and everything else, which gives us an unworthy conception of the gods.

The play, I soon saw, was a precious relic of Indo-European times; the very names were a sufficient index. The hero is called Punch,

in which word who can fail to trace the nasalisation of the root, which appears in Latin as PUG, and signifies "to strike," a name amply justified by the sequel? though I believe myself that it has here the general sense of "Warrior," while in Judy (root YU, *cf.* con-jux) we have the typical wife. Here then is the primeval idea of the Family—the Warrior and his Spouse. All is peace, but it is not long to last; a deep spirit of World-Annihilation (Welt-Vernichtung) comes over Punch, and in a moment of recklessness he dashes his baby from the topmost battlement, and slays with the strokes of his club the wife of his bosom. It were long to tell of all the woes that follow from this Primeval Atê of the House, how the Doctor, the Beadle, and the Executioner fall victims to the Hero's wrath; but there is one character, whom we must discuss: he is described as a Clown, and is for ever, under various forms, torturing the otherwise unconquerable Punch, but disappears at the latter's final apotheosis. May he be the Nemesis, which is provoked by the spilling of Family Blood, and is ever ready, like a foul bird, to swoop down upon the head of the devoted Warrior? I have since thought, from the apparent comicality of some of his doings, that he may be the Protean YA himself. I do not insist upon this, but merely throw it out tentatively, and, as I shall probably have changed my opinion on all these matters before next lecture, you had better not put it down.

But what I want to point out is the insight we may gain from this play into the manners and customs of our ancestors. Let us then see what we can learn from it of the habits of those dwellers of old on the central table-land of the festive Hindu-Kush, to whom we are all so much indebted for their happy thought of continuing the Indo-European race. "Our ancestors" then, to quote from a well-known work on Etymology, "would seem to have been troubled by" babies. They had learned the use of the stick, an accomplishment, which, like Max Müller's root AR, has since travelled "from India to Ireland." They had domesticated the Dog, though he had hardly arrived at that stage of devotion, which Darwin has compared to our emotion of worship. They had in fact reached a high pitch of civilisation: beadles and gallows were familiar sights to the Indo-European *gamin*. The drink of the soberer sort was MADHU, or mead, while the gay young men preferred a modest soda and split-A. They were a many-sided people; in fact from their arrogating to themselves the title of Arya, their enemies thought that they had too much of that useful quality concealed about their persons. Oh, but it was a merry life they led, tending their flocks, and inventing words! Think of the triumph of the mad wit, who started the root VAS with three distinct meanings, so that when one Indo-European said to another, "in a waggishnesse," "I'll have your VAS," the second time did not know whether it was his house, his fire-place,

or his waistcoat that was threatened. This must have led to much drollery, and subsequent punching of heads. But space fails me to tell of all their social aspects, of the traces of the "original Kankan," (cf. Peile, 2nd edit. p. 383) too soon, alas! corrupted by an improper labialism, or of the assemblies of the chiefs, where, at least, we know Grimm's Law was passed by a large majority, though the Teutonic Irreconcilables voted solid against one clause. Their religion would seem to have been of that joyous bright Greek type, (so different to the brooding Semitic element in our own,) which saw no harm in anything in particular, and didn't stick at it, when it did; but I have developed this point later. I trust however that this is sufficient to shew that the Indo-European is no mere abstraction of the study, but that they were a real people, as large as life, and twice as natural.

With regard to the date of the drama, I must confess that I have arrived at only a rough approximation; it is in fact quite possible that we have here, confused together, a Punchiad and a Clowniad of two perfectly distinct authors. However, leaving such matters to be decided by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Paley, I shall treat it as a systematic whole, and judging from internal evidence, I should place it somewhere between the times of the Cave-men, about B.C. 100,000 I am told (but I am unfortunately no palæontologist myself), and the age of Aeschylus and Sophokles, say B.C. 470. That it is not earlier than the

first date seems certain from the sanctity of the marriage-tie, and other evidences of civilisation in the piece, while, that it is not later than the second, is amply proved by the fact that there is no trace throughout of a tritagônistês, for the baby was, in those happy times, a mere kôphon prosôpon, while Toby we may consider a parachorêgêma, like the pigs in the Acharnians, only more adapted to primeval taste, and less likely to be expunged by the Censor of Plays. Think of the sleepless nights that functionary must have passed, in determining the exact length of the frill round Toby's neck, for the morals (he felt) of the Indo-European public *must* be preserved.

Turn we however from these dry details to observe the beauties of the piece, and they are many; but I will ask you especially to note four points. In the first place mark the essentially tragic situation. It has been well said, with reference to the Antigone, that the highest possibilities of tragedy are reached, when we have before us a conflict, in which both parties can claim the right on their side. And is not this the case here? For who is there, at least what bachelor among us, who does not feel that the first act of our hero, from which springs every succeeding catastrophe, is a righteous act? (*Cf.* Malthus on Population, *passim*). Then consider the masterly blending of the comic with the tragic element. This is a point, which the Greek tragedians did not think unworthy of their attention. For instance, in the Choephoree, think how our feelings are

worked up to the highest pitch of excitement, as we watch Electra recognising her long-lost brother by the simple fact of their wearing the same sized boots (I am afraid, by the way, her feet must have been a bitter detestation to beetles), and by his happy forethought in putting on the very garment, in which he was carried out of the country, a baby-in-arms, some years before. This last fact, I must confess, has always been a difficulty to me; the climate of Greece was of course warmer than our own, but still *where were the Bowmen?* Think, I say, when our hearts have been thrilled by such scenes as these, what a relief it is to listen to the naïve revelations of the prattling nurse! How this steels our hearts to hear Orestes declaring of his late mother that, even if he uses the most complimentary terms, he *must* call her a bath-towel or a lamprey! Look once more at the truly Sophoklean Irony of some of the situations; listen to Punch, as he sings his song of triumph, while behind him stands the Form, visible to the spectators, though unseen by him, with staff upraised, ready to fell him to the ground. I doubt if a parallel to this could be found, except in the Oedipus of the Prince of Tragedy, or Mr Caldecott's prematurely triumphant dog. Do you love the Pathetic? Then gaze with me awhile on the prostrate form of the hero, while the skilled leech bends over him, exhausting all the teachings of his art. The dialogue is indeed hard to catch, but may we not suppose that he is uttering some such words as those,

which have gone to the hearts of so many : "when the cold gets up to his nose (says he) τότε οὐχίσεται—our friend will be gone?" But, as has been well observed on the parallel passage, this is a scene, which we hardly care to make the field for mere verbal criticism.

A word, then, before we have done, on the moral of the play. Though, as to its exact scope and meaning, there are considerable difficulties in the way of interpretation, I have a decided opinion of my own on them. Mere opinion, however, as we know, may be true or false. This is unfortunately hardly the place to enter on this interesting psychological question, or I could tell you of a friend of mine, who, when returning home after dinner, saw under a lamp the figure of a proctor, (probably placed there by some University), and being uncertain whether it was a man or a statue, he not only formed an incorrect opinion about it, but, being very drunk at the time, his opinion became a spoken proposition, and a very blasphemous proposition at that.

But let that pass. *My* opinion, for whatever it is worth, is that in this drama we have a type of the purification of the human soul, till, as personified in Punch, it utters its triumphant cry of victory over the conquered passions and distractions of this world of sense. In the murder, then, of (1) Judy and the child, (2) the Doctor, and (3) the Executioner, I seem to see the story of the struggle of the soul to free itself from the bonds of (*a*) family, (*b*) social, and (*c*) political ties,

and in self-centred exaltation to rise to communion with the great Sky-Father.

[Note here, for future use, that, according to Mommsen, the Roman, like the modern country gentleman, said his prayers into his hat, while the Greek climbed the handiest eminence, and looked up fearlessly, with nothing between him and the azure of a Southern sky, an azure as unclouded as the countless ripple of his own sweet tongue. I believe I have got this last metaphor wrong end on, but it will do either way,—a regular *amphisbaena* among metaphors.]

And now, my reader, it is time that we be going on our several ways, I to my every-day work, and you to prepare for making acquaintance with Ajax, Electra, Philoctetes, Oedipus,—and others likely to pay,—at the bidding of the Eleven: and which of us will fare the better, especially under the new regulations, is known only to the Board.

T.

P.S.—Go, my wanton little book, though about to be introduced to pepper, frankincense, and mackerel, and whatsoever is wrapped up in foolish writings, and to find out—alas, too late!—that it is in vain for such a disreputable young party to knock for re-admittance at the gate of this religious Foundation.

THE NAVAL CONTEST AT DITTON.

(THUCYDIDES IX., I.)

(*Cambridge Review*, June, 1, 1881).

AND the Captain of Lady Margaret I., coming forward, said some such words as these:—

“Oh boating men, I have summoned you as about to exhort you before the contest, considering that, when the time of action has come, it will be too late for words.

In the first place, then, let every one bear in mind that the hegemony, which Jesus holds, it holds as a tyranny, rather through the inability of those who cannot conquer them, than by the goodwill of men acquiescing in their empire; and, if we can humble them, we shall enjoy the reputation of virtue, as being the liberators of Greece. And bethink you that, when the Mede came from the ends of the earth, he found us unprepared; and now, when the Jesus crew, (or the greater part of them) have also come from the ends of the earth, it will be terrible if we suffer the same thing.

And if any one should fear Trinity, either on account of the greatness of their resources, or their aristocratical connections, (in which especially they are strong), or dreading the cleverness of their Master, let him consider that it is on land that he is most powerful, while on the water we

shall meet them rather on equal terms. And for their aggrandizement we are ourselves partly to blame, in suffering them to fortify their new boat house after the retreat of the Mede. Moreover—that which is most to our advantage—there is among them a faction, led by no inconspicuous orator, who wish to cut down expenditure in the direction of cheapness, and who shout out altogether that there should be no Master at all; and it seems probable that, if the Many were armed, they would cast out the Few, and consent to become a democracy and side with us.

And let us not refrain from doing our utmost against the boats in front, through giving way at all to feelings of pity; for he who acts thus through paying too much attention to the sweets of oratory, in word indeed is an equitable patriot, but in fact is found to be a specious ass; for to men circumstanced as we are there is nothing just but what is expedient. And let no one suppose that “all along of” his own sugaring no harm will accrue to the common weal, for, if we neglect these things, the danger will come to us also, and it is the part of a wise crew not only to take measures against those coming against them from behind, but also to form contrary machinations beforehand against (προαντικατα-etc.-βουλεῖσθαι) the boat in front. Now considering that there are many unexpected things in war, which to the foolish indeed are formidable, while to him, who is prepared, they turn round, appearing to be nothing but empty fears, I have thought good to

warn you of what you must expect. For it is probable that the enemy will attempt the manœuvre of the *διέκπλους*; instead of meeting us prow to prow, they will steer slightly out of line, and strive to beak us amidships, for which purpose they have also made thicker their cat-heads, whatever they may be, nor it is likely that they will carry many supernumeraries (*περίνεως*, Anglice *passengers*). This then, using your bodies quite as if they were somebody else's, for the good of your country, you must strive to prevent, and so you will get the better of your foes. I would bid you also keep your eyes in the boat*, as the danger approaches; and this is necessary both in other cases and at Ditton, for it is probable that there will be a large concourse both of the fathers and mothers of those contending, and—that which is also most important—of the sisters and cousins of your comrades, induced partly by hope or fear as to the result, partly through wonder at the greatness of the armament, considering it to be far away the biggest of all the smaller ones that have gone before. But let us strive, alone of the Greeks, to combine a love of cheap High-Art with muscular Christianity (*φιλοκαλεῖν μετ' εὐτελείας καὶ φιλοσοφεῖν ἄνευ μαλακίας*), to think nothing else a holiday but loss of wind, blisters, and bumping our neighbours, so that if any one were to affirm that we were born neither to take an easy ourselves nor to let any one else

* This seems to be the meaning of *μὴ περιῦδεῖν* in this difficult passage.

do so, he wouldn't be very far out of it, as things go. And remember that, if we are successful, our silver-collecting men are likely to bring in greater revenues (which are in fact the sinews of war), while, if defeated, we shall lose even those which already exist; and bear in mind, by the way, that if we call it "contribution" instead of "tribute," our subjects will escape their own notice being swindled.

And to you, steersmen, I have some advice to give on the difficulties you must encounter; for Cambridge, though such an important town, is prevented from not being healthy by a very small river. I would bid you, then, not put out into the open at Grassy and Ditton, but rather, hugging the shore, draw your enemies into the shallows, where, through their not practising, they will not be able to follow you.

And with regard to *time*, let us strive, if possible, to combine together for ever, but if not, as the next best course, to get our oars in together as frequently as we can, on the assumption that that boat, which has fewest distinct times in it, will be successful in most points. And, above all things, let us not be slaves to the paradox of the hour that feathering under water conduces to speed.

So, if you attend to all these things, after a short struggle—for the coasting voyage to a well-girt boat is one of a few minutes only—we shall lay up for ourselves an ever-to-be-remembered glory, or rather the glory, which we shall lay up

for ourselves, will be an ever-to-be-remembered one, and prove not unworthy of our ancestors, who were accustomed, not long since, to go about in clean shirts and golden grass-hoppers, and bore the brunt of the danger against the barbarians, and gained the hegemony in 1872, which let us now recover, and pass on unimpaired to our children ('under the New Statutes, δηλονότι:' *Schol. Vet.*)"

[At this point, what appeared to be a herald's staff (δῆ) was seen floating down the river, and a divine Phê mê thrilled through the crew, as they stepped with alacrity to their thwarts, whispering that their brethren of the second division had been successful further up stream—but, on its turning out to be an unauthorised cabbage-stalk, they thought better of their enthusiasm. Since then they have been down on Phê mês.]

These things Thucydides an Io(h)nian (mark the modesty of the indefinite article) hath compiled, and, considering that they would be useful as a possession to be kept always at hand, in fact a complete Nauarch's *vade-mecum*, rather than as a prize-task to listen to at the present moment, he hath thought fit to publish them in this periodical at a merely nominal charge of sixpence. [Advt.]

H. R. T (HUCYDIDES.)

P.S.—Should this meet the eye of the orator himself, I must remind him that I, Thucydides,

do not feel bound to report exactly the words of the *always* speaker, but rather what he might, could, or should have said. (Cf. Wilkinson's introduction to my speeches.)

THE NIKOMACHEAN ETHICS OF WHIST.

(*Cambridge Review*, January 30, 1884).

Socrates.—One, two, three; and where, my dear Timaeus, is the fourth of those who were yesterday our guests and are to be our entertainers to-day?

Timaeus.—He has been taken ill, Socrates, or he certainly would not have been absent at such a meeting as this.

Soc.—Then if he is not coming, you and the two others must supply his place.

Tim.—Assuredly we will do all we can; having been handsomely entertained by you yesterday, we who remain ought gladly to entertain you in return.

Soc.—*Do you remember how many points there were of which I told you that we must speak?*

Tim.—(Poor fellow! he fondly hoped Socrates had forgotten them over that last gallon)—We remember some of them, and you will be able to remind us of what we may have forgotten. (Jowett's Translation of the *Timaeus*).

And so after a transfer of the current medium of exchange, and a remark by Socrates that he thought it was "silver obols," Critias launches out into a history of the Egyptian difficulty from the earliest times, under cover of which he and the philosopher (as per usual) cut in together, a result perhaps not altogether unconnected with a hint of that great man that "the *chief magistrates* (*verbum sap.*) were to contrive secretly, by the use of certain lots, that the bad of either sex and the good of either sex should pair with their like, and there was to be no quarrelling on this account, for they were to imagine that the union was a mere chance, and was to be attributed to the lot. And," he no doubt added under his breath, "when the good (of either sex) pair together, Pólos tells me the odds are about a point a rubber in

their favour; so I shouldn't be surprised if friend Timaeus were 'handsomely entertained' again."

I have quoted the above extracts from this much misunderstood dialogue at length because they seem to me among the most wonderful of the modernisms of the Master. "One, two, three, and where is the fourth?" Where, indeed! Probably dining in Trinity or Extension Lecturing, or engaged in some other of those thousand pursuits, for which men will imperil all that is noblest in them, till they seem almost to forget for six days out of the seven that they have an Immortal Hoyle at all. And so one is forced at last to put up with somebody, who says with the gentle Timaeus: "Assuredly we will do all we can;" and "all we can" is sometimes very little; we, probably, don't know one card from another, or if we do, it's ten to one we won't play for money. For, strange as it may appear, there are people who feel a delicacy about pocketing the stakes they have won, holding, perhaps, with Aristotle, that it is characteristic of the illiberal man to take from his friend to whom he ought to give. They fail to recognise, as did also the immortal Stagirite (if I may be allowed the expression) that by a parity of reasoning it must be the part of an extra superfine liberal man to lose to his friend, who ought to give to *him*, so that probably at the end of the year one is not more than half a sovereign off the mean and the good, which is more than can be said of most ways of employing money. There are other excellent persons who

give their winnings to a charity. So do I, but then it is a charity which is not puffed up, but beginneth at home.

But perhaps we shall arrive at a clearer view of the matter if we examine the common statements on the subject, of which two seem to be especially on the surface; the first, that held by the vulgar, that the whist-player is an ass; and the second, held by the more refined section of the community, that everyone else is; and though it is not likely that either of these statements is altogether correct, still it is improbable that they are wrong in all points. The former of these views is the more widely current, because the majority of people bear a strong family likeness to Sardanapalus. But perhaps we shall do better to examine the nature of Whist before we decide between these conflicting opinions.

Whist, like every other virtue, is a mean between two extremes, the one in excess and the other in defect. The vice of excess in whist-playing, however, does not appear to have received a name, because it does not exist at all, but we may call it a sort of heroic or superhuman cardsharpping. The defect is also nameless (and there are many such), but let it stand as Bumblepuppy. The whist-player then is in the mean between the heroic sharper and the Bumblepup; he plays voluntarily, with full knowledge of the general rules, though he may be ignorant of the particulars, *e.g.*, that this is a trump, or that he hasn't any, partner—and of set purpose, for it is possible

to play on compulsion, or to make up a four, and one is no more on that account a whist-player. He plays also at the right times, and in the right places, and to the right amount, and so on; for in all these it is possible to go wrong. One may play in the wrong place, *e.g.*, chapel, or at the wrong times, *e.g.*, Sunday, or with the wrong people, gentlemen on the road to Newmarket, or to the wrong amount, pounds and fivers, or in the category of *ποιεῖν* he may revoke, or (*ἔχειν*) he may have the ace of trumps concealed about his person, or (*κεῖσθαι*) he may be under the table. In all this, however, the virtuous player keeps right, and is most perfect and self-sufficient, and is probably most beloved by heaven. And we shall arrive at the same result if we consider what is the peculiar function of man; for the life of growth and nutrition he shares with plants and animals, and the life of perception with animals, but Whist would seem to be the peculiar function of man *qua* man. It is in fact the highest energy of the highest part of his soul. It then seems to lie his highest good. (Aristotle says this of Philosophic Speculation, but Scientific Whist is a far finer game). He requires also a full term of life, for one rubber does not make a Cavendish, nor yet many. It is often debated how far external goods are necessary to the whist-player. Now we must here remark that exactness is only to be expected in proportion to the subject-matter. It is as absurd to demand a mathematical demonstration from us as to put up with a mathe-

matician talking common sense. All we can say then is that rich and trusting friends, the greatest of external goods, he will need, if he is to actualise his potentiality of blessedness. Let us now proceed to investigate the character of the great-souled whist-player as the representative of this class at its best.

The great-souled whist-player is he who leads from his longest suit, and acts in everything as the man of practical wisdom would direct. But this has been treated of in the exoteric works on the subject. It is characteristic of him, when his partner leads him a two, to return his highest (if it is a short suit with him), for the great-souled man is naturally inclined to return a bigger one. When he has four by honours in his hand, he will accept it, not as representing his deserts, but because the dealer has no more to give him; for honours seem to be the highest reward. He will be sparing of asking for trumps, and only under necessity; for asking is the part of an inferior. If, on the contrary, he has no trump at all, he will be undismayed (as far as mortal may); for such mishaps do not justly fall to his lot, but are rather the undeserved and somewhat ridiculous manifestations of Chance, Destiny or whatever first cause we may assign to such vagaries. For he has not a very exalted notion even of the gods, except if a foundation-stone has to be laid, or for the sake of honour. With good players he will be haughty, but with acknowledged inferiors he will be genially sarcastic, for

the great-souled man would seem to have a touch of the bully about him. He will not be afraid of the ace of trumps. Why should he be, to whom nothing is great? He will also hit the black deuce, not because he is superstitious—who is less so?—but to insult the rest of the table. If they hit the black deuce themselves, he will hit the red. He will even defend the success of irregular play, when it is his own, remarking smilingly that the trick is sufficient first principle for *him*, and that, when you have got that, you need not go on to bother about the why and wherefore. He will say that Cavendish wants re-writing, and he knows some one who could do it; when pressed as to whom he means, he will say “Brooks of Sheffield,” or “H. Walker,” for the great-souled man is apt to understate his merits, especially before inferiors. He will say he trumped his partner’s best card for the sake of the Beautiful. He is truthful, except when honours are to be scored, and morbidly plain-spoken. He will let the adversary make the cards for him, for your great-souled man is least of all a shuffler; and even so he will not be grateful, for it does not represent his merits. After winning a game, it is like him to say, “I brought in that long suit well, partner.” When he loses he will say, “If you had returned my lead instead of playing for your small-souled hand, we should have made a treble,” or again, “They were too strong for us,” for he is not like the Kelts who fear nothing at all, not even death at sea or

thirteen trumps. And Homer too would seem to bear witness to the great-souled whist-player in

“Courage, my heart; worse ruffed thou hast oft been aforetime,”

and

“Whomsoever he saw not obeying his call or revoking, Him he angrily chode.”

and again

“Bitter wrath in his nostrils.”

And the great-souled man would appear to be well-born and tall, he plays slowly and has a pompous voice; he does not begin to sort his cards till his adversary or partner has led, but if they hesitate a moment, he lays down his hand and sighs. In fine in everything that he does the great-souled man will be great, but the greatness he studies is relative, not absolute; for the same things are not great in winnings and losings and in offerings to the gods. In the latter every one would allow that a threepenny bit or a trouser button is relatively great.

Now, seeing that the great-souled man is possessed of so many advantages, he will be grieved at death, for death would seem to be the end of whist, and it is doubtful how far the dead man is affected by the revokes or *coups* of his descendants; for on the one hand it is absurd to suppose that he at one moment rejoices, when his son brings in a long suit, and the next grieves, when his grandmother misdeals (thus representing the dead man as “chameleon-like unable to sit tight,”) while that he takes no interest in the game at all seems too heartless a doctrine. But

this would appear to belong to the Theological Tripos. However that may be, the great-souled whist-player will, as we said, be grieved at death, but not excessively ; nor will his friends.

In conclusion, since the object of this discussion is moral action, not knowledge, I may remark there is still room in the Whist Club. And though it may seem to some that the character I have sketched of the ideal whist-player is too heroic and almost divine to be attained by the average man, still it is better that you should aim high, if haply you may make at least some progress towards perfection (for we all seem born with a bent rather towards beggar-my-neighbour), just as a rifleman, if he have some mark to aim at, if it's only a hay-stack, is more likely to hit than if he has none ; and men go wrong in many ways (at least so I am informed), but as I have striven to shew, there is only one way of going right. If, however, owing to a lack of natural ability or the want of a certain process of habituation or of knowledge, you cannot attain to the life of scientific whist, there is still the second best life open to you, that namely, in accordance with moral excellence ; so go to chapel regularly and be in before ten, and it may be that, though you will have missed man's highest blessedness, you may yet get an exhibition of £3. 9s. 4d., awarded to that student, who, in the opinion of the deans, has shewn the greatest regularity of conduct, provided you are of the name and kin of the founder, and have been educated at one of three

Grammar Schools, of which no mortal man has ever heard the names before or since.

H. R. CLAY-POLE, *Cav.*

EPINIKIAN ODE TO THE AGRICULTURAL VOTER.

(Eagle, December 1885).

HAIL, wide-ruling Mother of Harmony, golden
Caucus, child of Zeus, whom Aston knoweth well,
and Brummagem, rich in electro-plate, beareth
witness to thee and Bradford to thy doings.

Yoke me a four-horse car of the Muses, that in
revel-rout I may greet thee, Nymph, if haply by
grace of Hermes, the Conductor, I may 'scape
the Gray-eyed Proctor's gaze; else must thou e'en
be content with horses twain and no accompani-
ment of horn or pipe. For the god giveth to man
now this, now that; and ofttimes hath one by his
prowess gained him worship of his peers, and
drunk in sweet forgetfulness of wearying toils,
yet by the crooked counsels of Zeus hath he
passed the night in the Lock-up, cooking his
wrath, and by circuitous route the morrow got
him home, putting off on the bodies of small
boys the shame of limb-shackling fetters. For
croaking Envy and dread Satiety, bane of man,
are ever ready to jump on him who is down. But
there remaineth an after-taste. Best of all things
is soda-water; but of wealth, brass flasheth preëmi-
nent on the brow of its fortunate possessor; albeit,
for games, nothing in this wide realm of Schnad-
horst can touch a contested election.

Which gnome has brought us by easy stages to the hero of our ode. Now his mother that bare him was the blooming maiden Pimlikè, who dwelt hard by wide-flowing Thamesis with her dear sisters, deep-bosomed Victoria and Belgravia of the golden locks. And it grieved her sore at heart that no city was namèd of her name; so straight she prayed to Father Zeus. Easy, I ween, is it for the Immortals to accomplish that whereon they have set their diaphragms. So forth-with the district which had been erewhile known as Belgravia to the South was callèd of her Pimlico, rich in omnibusses. Now, so it chanced, Apollo of the unshorn locks saw her as she was wrestling with a tawny cabman; and straight he called the Centaur Chiron forth of the Shelter, where he abode, and inflamed with love thus spake: "Who is this young person? scion of what stock haunts she the hollows of the shadowy cabs? Sure is she the offspring of some god, that with unchilled heart and might invincible she looketh on the storm-foot steed, the untameable mother of cats' meat. And of sleep she taketh but little towards the small hours of the morning. Is it permitted to a god of blameless antecedents to offer holy wedlock?" And the Beast winked propitiously over the left, and spake and said: "Hidden is the latch-key when soft-eyed Persuasion woos to wedded joy. But scant authority am I upon the marriage service, and methinks that thou that seest all things in earth and sky and sea hast even hither come armed with the

license, and art minded to take thy blushing bride to periwinkle-producing Margate, where ye two shall rear a mighty race; and, in the far off days to come, shall men raise for you a glorious fane and a tame curate (κτίλος ἱερεὺς) to do you honour." Then were they by the Embankment of the nutritious stream, alone in the darkness, even as Moses, leader of men, when the blazing torches were quenched in murky gloom. [*Here follows a succinct account of the rise, polity, and fall of the Jewish nation down to the time of the late Lord Beaconsfield, with some reflexions on Bacchylides, which, though in the poet's most obscure manner, we omit as irrelevant.*] And Underground Zeus rumbled beneath the earth, that the smoke came out of the blow-holes.

Twenty revolving years had the gold-tressed Hours sent about their business, when to Hatfield there came a hoary oracle—by all means to dread the man with one shoe and a patch in his breeches, lodger be he or occupier. And he, in his beauty, came and stood in the market-place as the publics were filling. And in the well-baked clay of Milo glowed the youth-nourishing shoot that erst the gray-eyed Maid bade spring at Athens, what time she strove against the Earth-shaker; and the Cranaan folk gave sentence for her; whereof in token men call it Old Judge to this day. And he let proclaim Ogygian Seven-streeted Dials, oily and full of song and watercress-crowned, his stately home, the son of a sea-cook, fair in form and fair the deeds he wrought. With

what a shout he hied him round the ring, swearing by his quivered sire for twopence more his steed with single frontlet should go up. Yet men knew him not, and one spake thus to other: "This is not Apollo nor Mrs. Weldon, and the Rates and thou, Imperial Taxes, wear twin sandals." And he spake and said: "Full twenty years have I dwelt with Chiron, nor sold a single vote nor been entreated. And the daughters of the Centaur nurtured me on the guileless poison of the Spelling-bee. I come to claim mine own, three acres of deep-soiled earth and a strong-foot cow." Then Randolph knew him as his long-lost agricultural brother, and the tears bubbled adown his manly cheeks.

Sweet my post horn, now behoveth thee to shrill a loftier strain. For they who have been elected by an independent constituency shall pass unscathed the Clock-tower of Kronos, and then with equal days and nights and electoral districts shall they keep it up, not wearying earth nor sea with might of hand throughout the Session, but with the honoured of the gods, who have taken the Oath, they pass a tearless life; and golden orchids bloom from every button-hole. But "in another place" the wicked peers bear toils that none may look upon without an order.

Now behold, as I abode in the innermost recesses of my smoke-loving rooms, there appeared unto me a divine son of Asklepios, healer of men, and he said: "Cypher telegram of the long-haired Muses*, sweet mixing-bowl of songs, why dost

* ἡ κόμῳν σκυτάλα Μοισᾶν.

thou waste thy days in idlesse, like a tender maiden by her dear mother's side, whereas the crooked-taloned Messenger of Zeus, the ruddy Eagle, faileth for lack of sustenance? Up then and be doing." Then was I sore afeared, for a black coat and well-silkwormed hat of respectability kept off from him the hurtling showers, and all his gait bespoke the Editor. And I answered him: "I will do even as thou biddest; for I have a kind of fancy of a whet-stone on my tongue,† which drags me on with flowing blasts. I utter words intelligible to the wise, but for conjectural emendations (ἐς τοπᾶν) they need Mr. V—rr—ll."

O Chthonian printer's devil, tell me whereabouts in my heart is written the name of the god-like son of Alister, and ye hymns,—Ancient and Modern—lords of the organ, make what speed ye may to Camus' banks, that so I quit me of this ancient debt.

To all things hath the dusky mind of Zeus set limits; the bewildered traveller shall not fare beyond Clapham Junction, nor can the wise sing on for ever. Wo Emma.

[The last remark is apparently addressed to the victor's lowly steed. N.B. I have not gone through the laughable farce of printing this ode in long and short lines as if it was poetry. That went down well enough in the good old Boeotian

† δόξαν ἔχω τιν' ἐπὶ γλώσσα ἀκόνας λιγυρᾶς, ἃ μ' ἐθέλοντα προσέλκει καλλιρρόισι πνοαῖς. Böckh reads προσέρπει, "sidles up to me," which seems more in consonance with what we know of the habits of whet-stones.

days. I did indeed once know a man who declared he saw distinct traces of metre in Pindar, but I believe him to have been a Cretan and the father of it.]

*How to write like a Theban Eagle :
by an Eagle, for Eagles.*

ANTHROPOLOGY FOR AMATEURS.

(Cambridge Review, May 5, 1886).

SOME three Longs ago I was taken by two scientific friends into the wilds of Norfolk to look for Primeval Man; we found a few worked flints of moderate value, I presume, as they were handed over to me on our return; and there the matter would have ended, had I not subsequently become possessed of some of those seventeenth-century pipe bowls, the smallness of which makes us think but meanly of our ancestors. Here seemed to me the beginning of what might grow into a valuable collection. It is true the anthropological record was imperfect, to borrow a phrase from a sister science; but this could be mended by the contributions of liberal friends, and I determined to undertake the work myself rather than hand over my collection to some learned Society or Museum, because the hypercriticism of science would no doubt reject many a specimen the true value of which my robust faith would appreciate. In this connection it seemed pure gain that I was totally ignorant of archæology, geology, and all the sciences which contribute to anthropology; that I should not know a headman from a king if I saw him, nor a burgher

from a plain cit; that I am altogether unprejudiced as to the origin of the Basques and the date of the glacial epoch, when lascivious Nesselrodotheriums and grim Neuralgiodonts sported among the icebergs of the tropics; that I know nothing of the strange marriage customs of the Algonquins, Damaras, and Botocudos—the last people in fact I always thought were something to eat, for instance, “les botocudos sautés à la bourgeoise;” wasn’t that a pretty dish to set before a head-man? A gastronomic friend suggests I must have been thinking of beccaficoes, and I expect he’s right. The names are so much alike, and there’s a popish sound about both of them.

My plan of soliciting contributions succeeded beyond my hopes, and I give a list of the more valuable additions.

1. Tibia of the domestic or barn-door fowl (*gallus bankiva*) from the Back-lane Kjoekkenmoedding; shews traces of the action of fire; much gnawed. I hoped that the tooth marks would prove to have been made by the cave hyæna (*Hyæna spelæa*); but our palæontological young man has decided, judging from the presence of other bones, broken glass, etc., in the same deposit, that they must be ascribed to *Homo sapiens*, *variety* (*male*) *desapiens in loco*.

2. Shell of the common oyster (*ostræa caeruleo-punctata*) from shell mounds in the same locality. This is exceedingly interesting as tending to prove either that the Cam was salt in those early days—it may have flowed the other way without

any grave personal inconvenience —or that the luscious bivalve (D.T.) has since acquired its taste for the sea. What a study for a prehistoric painter: primitive man opening oysters with a stone adze, while the neolithic lord-mayor of the period toils painfully behind in his computations at five shillings per monosyllable. Cambridge may be congratulated on the absence of the allied *O. post-theatricalis* and *O. semimundi* of the London Clay.

3. A fire-stick communicated on the night of the Borough election by a gentleman (name and address unknown), who described himself as a "Good-ole-Tory." On my informing him that the Senate had not as yet voted me any funds—however inadequate—for the purchase of curiosities, and that I should look on it in the light of a donation, he experienced a change of political sentiments which would have been creditable in a Prime Minister.

4. Some specimens of palaeolithic cheese from the Chalk. "So careful of the type She seems, so careless of the single life." Communicated (partially) by *Bos primigenius*.

5. Three weights for fishing nets (?) At least, if they are not this, I don't see what they can be. I haven't studied anthropology for three weeks without discovering that when you get a find, especially if it has a hole in it, which isn't big enough for a battle-axe, nor sharp enough for a celt or even the domestic scraper of everyday life, it's pretty safe to call it a weight. If a

brother scientist asks "Why a weight?" you can answer in the immortal words of the Hatter, "Why not?" Negatives are proverbially hard to prove and especially so in this case, as I have myself used most things from a Liddell and Scott downwards for the purpose.

6. A fine stuffed specimen of the so-called Cambridge Boating Horse (*Polyosteus hippoides*, or perhaps *hipposimilis* would be more consistently scientific). This interesting animal forms a further link in the well-known chain of development of the modern *Equidae* from *Orohippus* through *Pliohippus*, (or "More-Horse," as the Parisian gentleman said at the banquet,) *Circohippus*, a spotted type form, and *Anchipanchitherium*, whose foot-prints were long the despair of Geology, as, from his habit of progressing on the two hind-limbs, I have myself taken them to be those of some gigantic Ornithoscelidan. Hence the Cock-Horse of Evolution (*Hippalectryon dispar*). *Polyosteus* must be placed some way back in the series, as it is not a highly differentiated form; in fact it has distinct affinities with the genus *Camelus* among the Ruminants; I have even thought it might be identified with Professor Marsh's *Eohippus*, (a sort of out-all-night-and-in-with-the-milk-in-the-morning—hippus, I take it) which had an *ulna* and a *radius* at any distance from that *ulna*, and moreover five digits at the extremity of the fore-limb; so have I, but I am not proud.

7. A specimen of iron pyrites as used by the Terra-del-Fuegians for lighting their fires. I have

tried to light mine with it, and am reluctantly forced to the conclusion that iron pyrites ignites only on the box.

8. An erratic block or boulder, subspherical, longest diameter about three inches. It appears to correspond to the recent formation on which most of our college is built, *Cobblesia illaudata* (Lyell), *C. anathema* (Sedg.) Communicated together with some fragments of modern glass through a fault in the Museum windows. Anonymous. If the donor will send his name (not necessarily for publication) to me or the junior dean, he will hear of something to his advantage, that is, if he is of a stay-at-home and domesticated nature.

9. Brickbats, breccia, Llandovery shale, Explosive Slickensides, etc., from the Coal Measures, communicated gratuitously by the Senior Bursar in one of his more official capacities.

10. Coin of Victoria. Head to left. "Victoria Dei Gratia:" reverse, royal arms, "Britanniarum Regina Fid. Def." Probably from a local mint, as it contains more lead than is usual in the silver coins in the period: milling imperfect, centre punched out. An amulet against the evil eye? It has since been suggested to me that it may have been nailed up in some convenient place to serve as a monetary standard. Tendered in part payment of a wager by a corresponding member, Newmarket, Cambs.

11. Piece of Mammoth's tusk, on which a primitive artist has sketched a rude but spirited

scene. A cave-man, in the airy dress of the period, is seen trying to entice *Elephas primigenius* with offers of oysters and other delicacies to enter his frail canoe, to be transported to the land of the setting sun. If we may judge from fragments of other cave-men lying around, Behemoth is courteously, but firmly refusing the toothsome bribe.

12. A similar sketch: "Man with Axe" kootooing to Man with Knobkerry. Various explanations of the meaning have been offered, it is possibly political.

13. Earliest known human jaw, probably of mother-in-law of the Neanderthal skull; with stone axe-head still firmly imbedded in the bone. Thanks to the imaginative exactness of palaeontology, I can reconstruct the lady as follows: she was below the medium height, brachycephalous and prognathous with strongly developed supra-orbital ridges, a slight cast in the off eye and deeply religious.

And lastly 14, a collection of fragments, bought from an itinerant vendor, chiefly of the tin age, consisting of bosses, fibulae, pieces of cooking utensils, &c., which, however, I have as yet had neither time nor means to catalogue.

I trust that the publication of these details in the influential columns of the *Cambridge Review*, will prove that the collection deserves some recognition at the hands of Alma Mater, and that with the increasing revenue of the University, it is high time that Anthropology should join in the

scramble. I would therefore suggest the following draft scheme:—

1. A professor of Anthropology, say *e.g.**—but my modesty forbids me to particularise, at a salary of £700 per annum from the Chest. Duties: (a) original research; (b) sleeping within the sound of Great St. Mary's bell, measured in a straight line with a moderate wind blowing, three nights a week in full term; alternate Sundays out; no followers; (c) the delivery of at least one course of lectures per annum, in September, or such other time as may be most convenient to his class. Of course, if there is no class, he will have to original research and sleep some more. In case of insomnia, or other disqualification for the duties of Professor, he shall be removable by the Board.

2. A reader at a salary of £200 per annum, lecture fees, coals and beer. Duties: to do the Professor's work when he is better employed. He shall hold office "dum castus," but shall be removable by fly-sheet.

* This suggestion may seem at variance with what I have said above as to my ignorance. But I would remind my readers that a great deal may be done by reading. "Ollendorf" as Madam de Stael remarked in one of her happiest moments, "was not a man but a system." In proof, I may add, that I have already made a most valuable discovery. I had just been reading an interesting article proving that the Vestal Virgins were a survival from the time when the king kept a daughter at home to stoke the fire, when it immediately occurred to me that we have a similar survival in the middle-class habit of sending out a girl for the evening beer: hence the enforced celibacy of domestic service. I merely quote this as a specimen of what I could do if need be, it is not to be regarded as a claim for Sc.D.

3. A professor's reader's deputy on a similar understanding.

4. Chorus of assistants, curators, senior and junior pasters, &c., as determined from time to time by grace of the Senate.

Then I should require a grant to render my rooms more worthy of this collection and their owner, say £100 +, and if any one think this an inadequate sum, let him remember "much virtue in a *plus*." See *University Reporter*, *passim*. For instance, when our scientific brethren require £1000 for a corrugated iron vivisection chamber, or some other architectural improvement on King's Parade they submit an estimate of expenses at £499. 19s. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. +; and we, good easy men, gaily vote *placet*, congratulating ourselves on the care with which every farthing has been calculated out, and then when the bill for the odd £500 for the building-site or some other unforeseen expense comes in, we have to recognise the *fait accompli*, *status quo* and so forth, as if we were a local variety of the Balkan Peninsula, or the Unspeakable One himself; till one thinks sometimes of an even greater Senate than ours, and wonders that our victors do not throw an ichthyosaurus into the scales, and stroke our long silky beards, to see, as the barbarian on that historical occasion remarked, if old Wax-works was alive. †

To return to our subject, I think I have sketched

† This was written before we had before us the "Rough Estimate" for the internal fittings of the Chemical Laboratory. I was afraid, until then, that it was an exaggeration.

our more immediate needs, though, of course, one looks forward to the days of an Anthropological Tripos, or rather now that the great principle of an emulsion of different bits of Triposes has been established, we might have one of a λεπαδο-τεμαχο-δριμ-ανθρωπολογικο character, which, with a flavouring of engineering and three or four languages in the Little-Go, should fit our young men for the Church, the Bar or the Turf, or, at least, should give them some tincture of the higher culture. Floreat Cantabrigia, or in the words of Mr. T. K. Arnold, "if you and the Boards are well, I am well."

FACIT INDIGESTIO VERSUM.

THE MAGNIFICENT MAN ; WITH A DIS- QUISITION ON THE VOLUNTARY.

(Cambridge Review, November 17, 1886).

HAVING on a former occasion treated of Great-souledness, let us take another virtue from our list on the Black-board—I, as Pooh Bah might have said, am the Black-board—and discuss Magnificence and the Magnificent Man, who is concerned with the getting and spending of money, but more with the spending than the getting; the latter he leaves to his friends, knowing that Nature, though she is ever striving to produce a man-child, sometimes makes a bad shot, with the result, maybe, of a grandmother or a maiden aunt. Now, Nature makes nothing wholly in vain. It must not escape our notice that there is another virtue—Liberality—that is concerned with the same objects, but on a smaller scale; for the Liberal man has to do with small expenditure, such as “he often gave a Charity Organisation ticket to a tramp,” or with small entertainments, such as “he always came home to tea,” and the like; but those who build chapels and leave succeeding generations to pay for them, we do not call Liberal but rather Magnificent, for there is a greatness about it, as it were a kind of tallness, resulting from the magnitude or even excess of the expenditure.

Now the man, who exceeds the mean by spending too much and on wrong persons, is the University Commissioner. He also receives whence he ought not, which is the height of Vulgarly; while he who is in the defect of never being likely to expend a farthing on anything, is a sort of Bounder. (Such are the Curmudgeon, the Skinflint, and the Cummin-splitter; yet they are not wholly depraved, for there is a sort of rugged independence about some of them, and it is supposed that they are thus niggardly for fear of being reduced to take a Readership or open a gin palace.) The Magnificent man, on the other hand, expends on the most worthy person he knows; on himself, therefore; and for the most worthy object. And this would appear to be dress, for we clothe ourselves entirely except the head, and the head is not the strong point with the Magnificent, while everyone energises most satisfactorily in that wherein he is most likely to succeed. And if we are inclined to think dress too trivial an object, we must remember that it is probable that the gods enjoy this form of moral action; indeed it is the only one left them, for it would be absurd if they have a kind of banking account and speculate on the Stock Exchange, or practice any other of the moral excellences. At any rate, the most god-like among men affect a particular style of dress, as being pleasing to the gods, and it is not likely that so eminently respectable a body should have been mistaken all these years.

Now, a moral waistcoat may be defined as "a habit, resulting from deliberate choice, on our relative middle, measured to order, and as only the practical artist can measure it;" so that, if it is not a virtue, it is of all things the most akin to it.

In the above definition there are several hard words, and as young men are apt to live too much in accordance with their passions, it will be a wholesome corrective for them to read the following disquisition, just as a harmless lunatic, when he sets about straightening a crooked stick, bends it over the other way to bring up the average. Let us clear the ground then with regard to the word *deliberation*, for we cannot be said to deliberate about everything; as for example, we do not deliberate about impossibilities, such as understanding the latest regulations for the Previous; nor about what depends on nature or mere chance, such as storms and foreign politics; nor even about everything which depends on human agency, as, for example, how the Egyptians shall get a good Constitution no Englishman deliberates, but rather how we shall get our dividends; for an Englishman's deliberation is concerned with means, and where there are none or they are inadequate (as, for example, in the bestowal of a daughter), he desists, writes a letter to *The Times*, and retires to a well-earned repose. There remains then as the sphere of deliberation, that which is practicable for us.

Again, *choice* implies freedom of action and a

knowledge of the difficult relations of the Voluntary and the Involuntary; we will only, however, touch on the one aspect of the question, which causes most searchings of heart, for there are certain actions which are involuntary in themselves but become voluntary in the particular circumstances and for the sake of honour; as, for example, if a tyrant had our wife and family in his power, and offered to put them out of their misery on condition of our wearing turned-down collars or acting unseemly, our refusal must still be call *voluntary*, for though we could not help grieving (if we are flesh and blood), we should disregard the pain in the consciousness of the victory over self and the good of mankind. (There are, indeed, cases where no amount of constraint should make us yield, for the reasons that made Mr. Weller's friend cut off his little boy's head to cure him, as he said, of squinting, though æsthetically correct, to the moralist appear inadequate.) Such actions, on the other hand, as we perform when drunk seem plainly voluntary, for the beginning lay with us; we might have declined the polite invitation of the Master and Fellows of ———— College; but having once come, it is no longer in our power. Accordingly, those persons who cannot lie on the floor without holding on, if such incapacity is congenital, or they assert it to be the result of illness, for which they are not responsible, we pity; but if it is induced by dining, we should, perhaps, rather blame. But how far a man may go before he

becomes blame-worthy it is not easy to define in words, any more than in the Jerry-Builder's Art; for some things are matters of perception. Such young men are not apt students of philosophy. Nor is ignorance of general principles sufficient to constitute involuntariness, as, for instance, the man who put his head down a catapult to see what became of the shot became, too late, "discrete." For things which happen one way by nature you cannot accustom to happen otherwise by running your head against them ten thousand times; for example, you cannot by practice teach a stone to fall upwards, nor, says Aristotle, fire burn downwards. This last feat, however, by dint of untiring practice and the aid of Messrs. Lambert and Butler (and what is done through the instrumentality of one's friends is done by oneself, in a certain sense) I *have* accomplished. It is difficult—all beautiful things are difficult—*but it is not impossible*. The investigation was distasteful to me, for the peripatetic philosopher is a great friend of mine; still Truth and the Ethics both being dear, it seemed a sacred duty to prefer the cheaper publication. Nor, again, are actions involuntary because we are constrained to them by the promptings of Virtue, for, if Virtue, Duty, and the other capital letters were enough to produce that result, all our actions—I speak as an M.A.—would be involuntary, which does not seem to be the case. It was with some such idea as this that a certain Seriphian, in his impudent way, said to Themis-

tocles: "You wouldn't be such a model of the virtues if you were an undergraduate." "Nor you," answered the astute politician, "if you were a Proctor." Or can it be that actions are involuntary in Cambridge, but become more voluntary as we recede from that centre of intellectual life? And yet it is strange if fifty miles of uninteresting country have such an influence on life. This is an *ἀπορία*.

Let so much have been said concerning these matters, and, if we have made but small progress, let us attribute it to the indefiniteness of the subject matter, and return to the Magnificent man, who is a kind of Sportsman, for he has to disburse vast sums in a manner at once becoming to himself and galling to his friends. Hence it is not easy for any but the great, such as tyrants and fellow-commoners, to be truly magnificent, for the sub-sizar cannot spend large amounts day by day without subsequent foolishness; and he who attempts it is a misguided youth. But perhaps we should strive to be as magnificent as we can with the means at our disposal, just as the good cook makes the best possible turtle from the given conger. The Magnificent man will observe a due proportion in his expenditure, for example, a bottle of Château Wagga-Wagga (orders for which may be booked at the Colinderies), though it has a certain magnificence at a lunch for two, where the guest's lips are sealed, would be out of place in the Combination Room. Those who exceed the due mean are the Vulgar, like the Megarians

at Aberdeen, who introduce Undergraduates into the Senate House wearing red gowns, whereas we know that ordinary men should wear red only in the hunting-field, in obedience to the *lex tallyonis* (a chance equivocal for which I must apologise), the ἀντιπεπονθός of the Pythagoreans. This is what we philosophers call corrective or be-done-by-as-you-did justice. If you want distributive justice, you must apply the formula: "As the man is to the fox, so is the man's coat to the fox's coat; but whether the answer comes out in men or foxes depends on the Higher Mathematic, and is, therefore, beyond the sphere of deliberation. This is the justice exclusively employed in mercantile transactions in the Piræus. Doctors, however, may wear red in the Senate House and for the sake of honour; and we may perhaps say that the latest invented Doctors' hoods have scaled the dizziest heights of Magnificence. "Neither the evening nor the morning star, it is thought, is so wonderful;" and the Delian inscription:

Neat but not gaudy,
Elegant but not expensive.

in this connection seems to express but a half-truth.

The Magnificent man is a little apt to look down on those who do not cultivate this virtue, often quoting the words of Homer:

He grew up like a stick by the side of his reverend mother.

He does not value what is held in honour by the common herd; not but what he would accept the Premiership or the Archbishopric of Canter-

bury, if it were offered him as a mark of honour by a grateful country, but he does not lay himself out for them. Indeed, in his heart he despises them as the sordid prizes of degrading work. If his motives are misunderstood, he will say he is proud to be caviare to the general, forgetting that the General is apt to be caviare to him. After a misfortune of this kind he remarks that "he cannot be expected to remember all he learned in the archonship of Euclid," for from his superior height he is apt to confuse the perspective of historical characters. He is not sure whether *Oceana* is in prose or verse (which of us is?), but has a vague idea that it was written by Mr. Froude, or one of those intellectual Johnnies, as he calls them. That he is not altogether unread in History, however, may be gathered from his frequent appeals to Moses as the type of Oriental Magnificence. The Magnificent man does not often stray into a Tripod, to give the Muses something to plough, as Pindar sings. On the contrary, in the words of a later poet, "his heart is true to his Poll;" and his Poll is true to him with an ever fresh faithfulness surpassing the love of woman. He does not think very highly even of marriage, remarking, with a smile, that, thanks to the gods and a robust complexion of body, he does not *yet* require a nurse—and that after he has been refused three times. He is a good Conservative, and speaks irreverently of Soup-kitchens and Agricultural Distress.

Let this suffice to have described roughly and in outline the Magnificent man, for any one can fill in what has been correctly sketched. At any rate, that is how the other arts and the invention of Triposes have made such gigantic strides. And the saying of Anaxagoras is at length fulfilled: "All things were in a muddle till Mind came and arranged sections A to E." There are, however, two ἀπορίαι, or difficulties, connected with the subject, which we must raise. For a young man of an enquiring turn of mind might question why it is that the Magnificent throng the ante-chambers of Deans, whereas Deans are not often seen at the doors of the Magnificent. Can it be that it is more beautiful to be a Dean than a Magnificent man? or is that absurd on the face of it, and we should rather say with the philosopher that the one knows what is good for him and the other doesn't? or, again, is it an involuntary act, to which the Magnificent contribute nothing but the movement of their organic legs? Again, should we call the Magnificent happy, while he lives, or with Solon "wait for the end?" For it is possible to dress correctly for the best part of one's life, and then to marry and rear a family with the *abandon* of a Priam, and no one would call such a person happy, unless he were a Political Economy Coach defending a paradox—or syllabus, as he would call it. Yet surely it is ridiculous to refuse him the title when he is in the enjoyment of his Magnificence, and then, when he is dead and, let us say, buried, to offer our felicitations.

May we, perhaps, conclude—remembering that we are but mortals—that he who never wears elastic-side boots and shall die as per programme aforesaid, is blessed—but a blessed Masher?

CAMBRIDGE AS SHE IS VISITED.

"FAMILIAR DIALOGUES AND IDIOTISMS."

(*Cambridge Review*, December 5, 1886).

I. For to buy the Billet.

Commissioner, where buys one's self a billet?

By the slit, sir.

Here is "all trains North from Peterborough; East from Colney Hatch; to Hatfield conclusively."

Where is my Maps' Atlas? Demon! this map is on Mercator's Projection. I can not to understand him. It must to endeavour one's self. Sir, I wish a billet at Cambridge; how much is he?

Four shellings seven pennies and half.

Here is a doubloon and three pistoles.

Next window.

The clerk has shuted the bureau's opening as a blusterer; you have not sanded my dog's billet.

II. By the plateform.

Have you the every baggages? the trunk, the fishing-wands, and the hat sbox?

Yes, sir, I have its.

How long before the convoy depart?

A quarter hour's.

I will lunch myself one's. A glass of sour, my dear. (This bar's maid is engaged one's self in

familiar dialogues and idiotisms. It is haughty.) Have you any pullet, Miss? Give me immediately a stick's drum, some bosom and the lights inwards on a proper plate; also a lamprey, any garlic, some citrons and a bottle of the Oporto wine. Hark, the Guardsman who puffs his horn. "All the world to the vehicle." Here is a bill of exchange.

III. At the wagon.

Sir, you must not to fume.

Why not, sir?

It is not a fuming's box; she is at the train's end.

But, sir, she is many multiplied of women and children.

It must to do one's duty.

Here is a schelling.

It is all right, sir. Will you also a shawl, the day's leaf, and her Punches paper?

No, thank you, sir, I will not to fall to sleep. Have you perhaps some heated water's tins?

By your leave, sir.

Demon! that is my toe's end. Here are the Billet-gatherer, the Puncher, the Lamp Slighter, the Overlooker, the Stevedore, the Head's Station, the Supercargo, and the Man-at-arms in a three-cocked hat, holding the bare sword. What will you, gentlemen?

Sir, this is a wagon at first classes voyagers; you can not to voyage in her.

I will to pay a supplement by Cambridge. See the Hammerer and the Greaser who assay the

wheels. The Engine-rider has mounted one's self. We prick.

IV. In route.

Sir, are you sportman?

Yes, sir, I play Picquet, Pope Joan, Ombre, Quince and Quadrille.

Know you also to play the little joke at Three Cards?

No, sir, I have not seen him among the Espagnishmen, the Turcos or the Swisses.

Mister is clever voyager; he will soon learn. See, I take the Trefoil's Dame, the Pike Three and the Heart Six. Here is a honest Farmer. He wagers to divine the Dame. He has achieved. Alas, that I am a foolish! I lose my money. Now, sir, will you to wager?

With zest, sir; here is a moidore.

That is not the Dame; she is the Three; but, sir, you shall try again. Fortune is seemed to some other womens what I know; she is changable and too ficklish.

I perceive, sir, you are gallant man; you are no doubt so fortunate with the beautiful sex than by the cards' game.

Sir, you do to rouge me. I not boast what to be more lucky as some perfumed little-masters of the age; but it owes not to recount the histories outside the lyceum. Now, sir, it delays you to win back your loss, and, as tell us other Englishes, "do some hay, during the sun sparkle."

Here is my watch of Englishes make at the crow-bar, valuable from ten ducats.

She is not more worthier three lewis! She is in retard, she is foundered.

Alas, how I am not so fortunate than the countryman; I have lost again. Here is Cambridge. Do you descend?

No, sir, we continue to Newmarket.

Good morning, gentlemen.

V. For to see the sights.

Gentleman is a stranger? is it permitted one's self to guide him?

Sir, I am delighted; I love too much some quaint old towns, so are they picturesque.

Yes, sir, here is the tramway, the Jerry Buildings, the Post Office, the Skating Cercle, the asphalt pavement, and the Improvement Boarding.

Have you not also any Colleges?

Yes, sir, but we will not to show its. The plan of their architectures is antique, their buildings proportions harmonious, and the altogether gracious. Its were builded from men, which loved beauty so much than use—thing too reprehensible in the illuminated age.

And the students to which studies apply themselves?

Such and such learnings:

the latin

the greek

the jew

the metallurgy

the upper mathematics

the doctors' commons

the enthymem, etc.

Stay, sir, here is a fine edifice with some pretty columns and a imposing façade. Is he perhaps the Hotel of the Town, the Purse or the Exchange?

Alas, no, sir, it is the Fitz-William. It oughted to have builded one's self with yellow brick, with pointings of red and black over his windows for a relievo. It is shamful, it is a eye-smart.

It regrets me who I spoke. See again, what huge boots-manufactory!

No, sir, you have wrong again. He is the Technical Museum of Comparative Stratiology—very magnificent. Which bricks! which slates! which elegance! which voluptuousness!

See, there is an escutcheon over his door's way. Which is he?

He is the achievement arms of the New University.

Can you to decipher him? I am not too learned in Heraldry.

Yes, sir: A University married and proper, beaked and pocketed *or*, *semé* with fads and crotchets, preying on a College *vert*; hir crest is a Syndicate *passant regardant*; she has also supporters, two Workshops *rampant*.

Has she also a legend motto?

Yes sir, their Horatio verses: "*O matre alma filia almiior.*"

Liberaui animam meam. Nolo episcopari.

H. R. TOTTENHAM.

JUBILATE.

(*Eagle*, June 1887).

Dedication to the Editours of the EAGLE.

THE *Authour* in venturing before the Publick hopes that the exiguity of his *Merit* may be equalled—if that be not a presumptuous prayer—by the greatness of your *Clemency*. Your Lordships' fame for Learning, Piety, a judicious Patronage, and an open-handed Generosity bids him hope that his *Academic Muse*, in her first flight amid the rarer heights of Poësy, may find in you the *Winged Steed*, which shall subdue the *tri-formed Monster* of her own Shortcomings, the Publick Disdain, and the Rapacity of our modern *Sosii*; that the Mediocrity of her Charms may be forgotten in the Majesty of her Theme and the Splendour of her Patronage.

*One Bird is best,** the blind old *Chian* cried,
To shed for Fatherland the crimson tide.
One Bird is best, all *Johnians* agree,
To hymn our Monarch and her Jubilee.
Th' Imperial Eagle, proud her sway to own,
Grovels recumbent 'neath th' Imperial throne.
But who am I such glories to rehearse

* *Εἰς ὁλῶνς ἀριστος ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ πατρὸς.* For the above rendering I am indebted to the College Examination *passim*.

And dim their brightness in a purblind verse ?
Like the gilt emblem on *New Buildings* seen
I strive to soar above Earth's carpet green ;
Anon, eyes dazzled by such Majesty
Droop a lame pinion and forget to fly.
Not mine to sing of *horrid War's* alarms,
Not mine to sing the triumphs of our arms ;
Though few our Warriors, such their giant thews
That *puny* Millions tremble in their shoes.
Peaceful we check the *Muscovite* advance,
With undrawn sword the godless hordes of *France*.
Then, bold, prepared to conquer or to die,
Mow down scorch'd *Soudan's* naked chivalry.
Mine rather be to tell the peaceful years ;
The cornland swaying with her golden ears ;
The *thrice-blessed Agriculturists*, for they
No Rent, no Tithes, no Taxes soon will pay ;
The March of Education through the Land,
The learned *Ploughboy* and the lectured *Hand*.
Yet still too vast the Theme appears for *me*,
Still let me narrow my Phylactery.
Ambition's Ladder pointing to the Sky
Lures mortals upward but to climb and die ;
So the *Batrachian* lost life's marshy good
In vain attempts at bovine amplitude ;
And, striving still the larger joy to gain,
Died of a cow in apoplectic pain.
Then draw we closer still th' encircling ring,
A son of *Cambridge* let me *Cambridge* sing.

Mark we the changes in our Ancient Town,
While fifty summers pass o'er *England's* Crown.

No *Girton* then far reared her modest head ;
 No *Newnham* bolder marked the *Backs* with red ;
 No *Ridley* nursed 'neath elms' umbrageous green
 The lisping Bishop and the prattling Dean.
 No lost *iota* in proud *Selwyn's* scroll
 Watched like the *Pleiad* happier sisters roll.
 No slipp'ry *Asphalt* echoed to the feet,
 No plunging cab-horse rinked the public street.
 So amid *Arctic* ice the polar bear
 Shuffles ungainly to his polar lair ;
 Horror uplifts the sailor's prickly hair. }
 No *Cambridge Locals* spread from town to town,
 And *Index Number* was a name unknown ;
 Not yet had entered man's still guileless soul
Left-hand-top-corner's neatly punctured hole.
 And, worst of all, not yet aesthetic eyes
 With rapture marked a gamboge *Bridge of Sighs*.
 So have I seen o'er *Zankle's* storied straits
 A mellow saffron flood the Sunset gates ;
Calabria's mountains the soft splendour own,
 And yellower grows white *Reggio's* dotted town :
 Such have I viewed an *Anglo-Indian* old,
 Whose lurid guineas paled their sallow gold.

Now all is changed ; as Time's stream onward flows,
 Our Morals soften and our Learning grows.
 The *Theban* riddle is fulfilled in us,
 Nor need we more a modern *Œdipus*.
 Four-foot we crawled weak infants on the floor ;
 Two-footed next learned *Love's* delusive lore ;
 Then, still progressive in great *Nature's* plan,
 Steps forth the glorious three-foot *Tripod Man*.

The ancient tongues of Athens and of Rome
Now echo purely in their *Western* home ;
Macaulay's schoolboy in true accent drones
Great *Tully's* wisdom in great *Tully's* tones.
Th' unconscious Organ must th' improvement share,
And *Wōx-oomāhnāh* wings the heavenward prayer.
No secrets now Imagination rack,
No loves of *Algae* on the Tortoise' back ;
No *Lusitanian* caves their wealth amass,
(Three celts, a rubbing of a Christian brass,)
But some bold *Briton* robs the treasure stored,
And *Worts' Foundation* wins the splendid hoard.
Ornithorhynchus, named of *Paradox*,
Claims his commodious if unsightly box,
And, like the antique traveller, can own
An upper-chamber when he comes to town ;
Conscious display his *meroblastic* feat,
While *Lightning* messages his prowess greet.
Do softer thoughts steal on the Student's breast,
The same kind friends assuage his heart's unrest,
What time they mark with scarce dissembled pride
A *Travelling Bachelor* and his *Travelling Bride*.
Where cold *Sarmatia* spreads her cloak of snow,
A son of *John's*—where will not *Johnians* go ?—
Essays t' unravel *Nature's* tangled skein,
And trace their denizens from *Lake* to *Main* ;
The finny brood grow salt by slow degrees,
And pickled salmon swim th' astounded seas.

If such the *Past*, what shall the *Future* see ?
Research and Learning, Peace and Harmony !
Then bold *Biologists*—adventurous brood !—

Crossing unscathed the intervening road,
Geology's fair self, no longer coy,
 Kind shall invite to *petrologic* joy.
 While they, full fain to roll the friendly log,
 Dissect again the vivisected dog.
 A loving ardour fans the mutual flame,
 Diverse their methods, but their end the same.
 So *Galatea*—biologic prize—
 Sighed into life and opened wond'ring eyes ;
 The Sculptor found, as those sweet lips he kissed,
 Sermons in stones, and turned *Geologist*.
 [Where were ye, Nymphs ? or by *Aonian* rill,
 In *Tempe's* vale or on the *Castle Hill* ?
 When *Downing-sitters* issued from their lair,
 And pealing *placets* hurtled through the air ;
 The others sinking down the stream of fate,
 Though *Nymphs* admire them nor the *Muses* hate,
 Like to some traveller in an *Arctic* night,
 Gaze on the glories of the *Northern Light*.]
 Astonied *Nature* marks the onward course,
 And *Cam* flows upward—slightly—to his source.
 The foes of *Cambridge* at the sight may grieve,
 Hebrew *Apella* listens to believe.
 If with such strides the *Age* shall still progress,
 Soon *Vice* her rugged front cowed shall repress,
 And *Virtue* reign in hideous nakedness.

sat iubilatumst : plaudite.

MR. ALMUS PATER.

(Cambridge Review, February 1, 1888).

One day, when Harry Sandford and Tommy Merton had been more than usually virtuous, their kind preceptor, Mr. Barlow, addressed them as follows: "Masters Harry and Tommy, virtue is indeed its own reward, as I see by the glow of conscious pride on your open countenances; still, to mark my sense of your good conduct, I propose to relate to you, if you have not already heard it, the diverting history of Mr. Almus Pater and his Happy Family." The lads having suitably expressed their deep sense of obligation, and prepared their pencils and notebooks, the reverend gentleman thus commenced:

"It would seem—at least so his biographer relates—that this Mr. Almus Pater was a widowed gentleman of ample means and considerable literary attainments, who was the idol of a country town (the name of which I am not at liberty to disclose), for not only did he raise it to the highest pinnacle of fame by his residence, but his numerous sons formed the staple industry of the many honest tradesmen and worthy mechanics of the place. But I am anticipating; I should have premised that his lamented lady, after dwelling with him in the greatest reciprocal happiness for many years, had left behind her not only a numerous family

of sons as pledges of their mutual affection, but also a considerable sum of money, on which indeed it was rumoured the estimable gentleman subsisted. In one point alone could the most cynical have counted her influence as evil, for she had been unfortunately bred in the Romish Church, to which also Mr. Pater had conformed in his youth, a Church I need hardly tell you, my young friends, as far removed from the practice of true piety on the one side as are in the other extreme the soulless Materialism, the selfish Aestheticism and the thinly-veiled Pantheism, through which our Beautiful World is now passing. (You need not, my dear Harry, say 'Amen,' as we are not in a sacred edifice.) The competence thus secured to the subject of our memoir enabled him to devote his time to the education of his sons, some of whom still remained at home to carry on the management of the establishment and the spread of culture, while more had left the paternal roof to disseminate the truths of the Reformed Church or the niceties of Law among a grateful people. In such a home of Learning and Virtue all should have been peace, but it must be regretted that there was some dissension among the younger members of the household. The more sprightly were for ever admonishing their father (who had indeed been somewhat slothful in his middle life) to act more in consonance with the movements of the times. 'There are,' they would urge, 'many honest savages, whose languages you do not teach, while the professions of the Plasterer and the

Knacker are still unrepresented and unrewarded in your scheme.' To one who did not know his kindness and singleness of purpose, it would have been somewhat laughable to see the old gentleman's attempts to adopt the latest fashions and to practise manual employments, for which he was not by nature fitted. He also welcomed many learned men from foreign parts, who came to spread the knowledge of their arts and languages. 'For,' said the worthy man, 'what would be thought of a father, who should launch his son into the world without an adequate knowledge of Moeso-Gothic or the uses of the fret-saw? With the former he could hold converse with any barbarous tribe on whose shores he might be cast; in the latter he would find a pleasing occupation and a fruitful source of income even amid a nation of benighted idol-worshippers. Nay, he might in time aspire himself to the rank of a tribal god. ('I protest,' interrupted Tommy eagerly, 'that such a position, did it not involve a loss of religious privileges, might compare not unfavourably with that of my father and other county gentlemen, or even (dropping his voice) of the Nobility itself. It is your teachings, my dear tutor, that have thus humbled your once haughty Tommy, and shown him the true position of a man of fashion.' Mr. Barlow repressed his emotion, and continued reading.) After such pregnant sayings, Mr. Pater applied himself with renewed ardour to a work on Double Entry, and a precise treatise on the Variations in the price of Jute from the

most remote Epochs. 'For,' said he, 'I must encourage the Arts.'

"We must now leave the palatial mansion of Mr. Pater, and pass in imagination to the humbler abode of Mrs. Hypatia, a widowed lady, and her many daughters, who charmed a numerous circle of acquaintance, alike by the modesty of their demeanour and the soundness of their judgment. 'Those of you, my young friends,' continued Mr. Barlow, 'who have been mothers, will realise this lady's anxiety for the future of her interesting family. She had long thought of Mr. Pater as the possible prop and mainstay of her bereavement, but with her many virtues she combined astuteness of no common order; she perceived therefore that a direct offer of marriage to one, with whom she was not acquainted, might fail to secure her object, especially as in return for wealth, position and learning she had but little to offer, save that deeper seriousness, which distinguished the best of the women and even some of the men of that age. She determined therefore to advance more cautiously. It was soon rumoured in genteel circles that an eligible tenant had been found for a modest house abutting on the high road along which Mr. Pater and his sons had frequent occasion to pass in their journeys to the Metropolis; and it was not long before that gentleman received a courteous note, the writer of which pleading the neglected education of her children, begged him to allow such of his sons as had no more pressing engagement to assist in

remedying that defect. 'The distance between our homes,' she added, 'is sufficient guarantee that I do not wish to intrude.' From such beginnings arose an acquaintanceship between the two families, whose fond parents regarded the ripening intimacy, one with the guilelessness of our innocent sex, the other with all the ingenuousness of Widowed Motherhood. This point once gained, Mrs. Hypatia proceeded to secure a house in closer proximity to her friend, and, when comfortably settled, she wrote to him again, suggesting that their nearer neighbourhood might warrant a more intimate friendship; she would be happy therefore to receive invitations to those delightful entertainments, whither (she understood) the Wit, Fashion and Beauty of the neighbourhood resorted, to avail herself of such books and other educational appliances as his house afforded; to grace with her lady-daughters his hospitable table; and she hinted even a complete identification of the two families would meet with but a feeble opposition on her part. Her daughters were divided as to the merits of this epistle, some holding that if it erred at all, it was in a certain incompleteness and lack of confidence (so natural to the sex); the other part would fain have awaited a more pressing invitation from their venerable benefactor. Mr. Pater read this letter without surprise, for the manners of that age included a directness of appeal, which we are losing all too fast, and after much deliberation made reply that he would be happy to place at her disposal all that was necessary

to promote the education of her family, in whom he was deeply interested; that he had given his servants the strictest orders to admit them whenever they were disposed to study; his house, however, he added, seeing that he and his sons had so long lived the life of bachelors, was subject to such draughts and other inconveniences as could not fail to incommode a lady so tenderly nurtured, nor could so humble a dwelling hope to vie with the splendid pile which she was no doubt intending to erect for her own comfort and the admiration of all beholders. So churlish an answer would have damped the ardour of many a lady, but Mrs. Hypatia was of an infinite patience. She now set herself to gain the adherence of such of the old gentlemen's sons as seemed most handy to her purpose, and when she imagined she might thus secure her end, she wrote yet another letter, wherein she pointed out firmly, but not unkindly, that the attentions of Mr. Pater and his sons to her and her daughters had not escaped the observation of a censorious world; matters, therefore, could not remain as they were; 'it is true,' she proceeded, 'that you have accorded me many privileges, for which I am doubtless deeply grateful, but then how insecure the tenure! The very salaried menials who to-day admit me may at a word from you to-morrow bar my entry. I am, in fact, *in* your house but not *of* it. Nor is this all; I may indeed roam at will through your spacious parlour and your well-appointed library, but will it be believed, I

have no right of entry to your kitchen? I cannot order your sumptuous repasts, I may not even appoint or dismiss a single secretary or lackey. In short, my position in your household is most anomalous. Think of the establishment of Mr. O'Shea across the Channel, or of Mr. Owen in our midst. Had I honoured them instead of you with my presence, they would have welcomed me as one of the family. ("It must, however, be remembered," added Mr. Barlow, "that these two gentlemen did not reside at home.") In begging you, therefore, to admit me to perfect equality, I would ask you to trust that I am actuated only by the most sincere belief that such a course will be to my advantage. P.S.—Such, however, is my spirit of self-sacrifice that if you really set store by such trifles, I will leave the arrangements of the domestic details in your hands until we know each other better.' She then wrote to those of Mr. Pater's sons who had left their father's home, begging their assistance in her project, for, she argued, they at least will feel a quite unselfish pleasure in regulating the domestic economy of their dearly loved progenitor. Nor did she hope in vain, for many of these good men wrote back: 'We, the undersigned, having heard that Mrs. Hypatia is presenting a petition to you, which we have not seen, desire to express our entire sympathy with the sentiments therein contained, and we trust that your generosity will grant so moderate a request.' They then proceeded to distraint for tithe with that inward satisfaction,

which only the consciousness of duty done can afford our fallen race. Nor was this all. 'What Mr. Pater might refuse to his own sons,' thought our petitioner, 'he surely could not deny to the prayers of a Peer of the Realm, a Baronet, a Major-General, a Painter, a Convicted Prisoner.' And to many such she made appeal. 'Honoured Madam,' they replied with one accord, 'if you are convinced that your interests would be subserved by joining the establishment of the worthy Mr. Pater, it would be heartless in us to refuse your simple wishes.' One who had lent his sword to his country added further: 'The service, my dear madam, is going to the dogs, owing to the impertinent meddlesomeness of men, who know not a musket from a bastion.'"

"And did these ingenious measures succeed?" asked Master Merton. "Of the result of the Experiment," answered Mr. Barlow, "I can tell you nothing, for the rest of the manuscript (which would doubtless have equally repaid perusal) has been destroyed, whether by the agency of time or to satisfy the passions of a tobacco-loving age, I know not." "Your use of the term *experiment* reminds me, my dear sir," said Tommy, "that you have often said that such, though they afford much innocent satisfaction to the ingenious operator and the worthy bystanders, are yet fraught with the most excruciating agony—nay even death itself—to the harmless victim quivering beneath the scalpel." "Indeed, it is so," rejoined the clergyman, "but what, my dear Tommy, if those

pangs which you so feelingly describe, be the occasion of heartfelt mirth and solid instruction to many honest persons, who thereby attain positions of honour and affluence? Does not this compensate for the sufferings of the victim, however innocent, nay even serviceable to mankind it may have been?"

H. AND TOMMY.

A GRAMMARIAN'S VALENTINE.

(*Eagle*, March 1889).

CANTABIUS to Girtonia sends greeting,
May the tide of her good fortune never ebb ;
I was writing (mark the tense) to crave a meeting,
Coll. Div. Foh. Cantabrigiae Id. Feb.

O listen to my *verba declarandi*,
My heart's appeal indeed you may not shirk ;
Bethink you of the charming *casus dandi*,
A dative of the contemplated work.

Could you see the love with which my bosom's
seething,
You never could remain so cold and coy,
But you'd grant me with those gentle lips' *soft*
breathing
One small *syllabic augment* of my joy.

Then O forget there's such a verb as *nego* !
Or else I shall go mad I do aver,
For *uxor* seems the feminine of *ego*,
And *liberi* the plural of *liber*.

Our joy shall be one long *continuous present*—
A thought to make an ardent lover rave !—
When I change the *future optative* unpleasant
For the *perfect* (vide *Arnold*) *tense with have*.

As Lydia said, I'll live and perish *tecum*,
No jealousy our bliss shall e'er disturb ;
Then rise and don the veil and *vade mecum*—
A church *the goal of motion of the verb*.

If you flout me, still I'll think upon you daily,
Your gracious form although I may not see ;
I scarce can bring my pen to trace out "*vale*" ;
Believe me ever yours,

REDUNDANT M^y.

LETTERS TO LECTURERS.

(*Cambridge Review*, October 31, 1889).

X.—TO DR. V-RR-LL.

DEAR DOCTOR V-RR-LL,

When I first came up to Cambridge, you were, I believe, practising at the bar, and to us freshman, were known chiefly as one of the immortal bracket, B-tch-r, P-ge, V-rr-ll, which gave the highest satisfaction to all with the possible exception of His Grace the Chancellor. Bnt it was not to be; and what the Woolsack lost, Cambridge in general and myself in particular gained by your return here in 1877; for I was among those who had the pleasure of being under you as a Composition Lecturer, and thereout, I trust, we sucked no small advantage. It is perhaps a little incongruous in me to write a letter to a lecturer, whose regular lectures I never attended. Those were, you remember, the troublous times of Set Subjects, and even one of the greatest advocates of that system admitted that any attempt to improve one's mind before the Tripos was inconsistent with Practical Wisdom. So it was at other feet than yours that I learned from Plato that I had a soul, and from Lucretius that I hadn't (at least worth bragging about), and from Aristotle that it belonged to "another enquiry."

But let me return from this digression and remind you that you have produced an excellent edition of the *Medea*, and written a considerable portion of a Greek play on the lines of the *Choephoræ* with occasional plagiarisms from *Æschylus*. Your studies in *Horace* have done much to build up the reputation of that person; and if *Aelius* was not a bailiff, may we never live to know what a bailiff is ourselves, the University contribution notwithstanding. You wrote on *Horace*; there you had the pull over him; but *Horace*, though it is to be feared, a pagan, was a prophet, and there he had the pull over you. For did he not pen those exquisite lines:

Splendide Emendax et in omne virgo
Nobilis ævum?

Which in the interests of our scientific friends and others who have no Greek, I would paraphrase as "a brilliant editor, a B.A. who will live to see his name in the *Cambridge Review*." And this brings me to the gist of my remarks, for a letter to you, which did not touch on your emendations, would be like a letter to *Hamlet* with no allusions to his probable succession to the throne of Denmark. Emendations, as the philosopher said of desires, are of three kinds; natural and necessary; natural and unnecessary; unnatural and unnecessary. You have shone in the first two classes. In the third? μή γένοιτο. Still you will pardon my reminding you that you have admitted to me in black and white that our fragile little

friend λελή is "very very dead." R.I.P. Again, was it kind in you to suggest ἀκόας in a well-known passage in Pindar? Till then he stood confessed the champion mixer of metaphors of the world. You might have left that sublime poet his greatest charm. But there is in all your emendations, whether we accept them with joy or pass them by in sorrow, a touch of the Eiffel-tower; we revel in the newer view when we have recovered from the stupendous climb.

But a change has come over the spirit of your dream. When we heard that you were sitting down before Ogygian Thebes and adding another to the Weeping Seven, our expectations were raised to the highest pitch. Would you echo the words of the impious Kapaneus, "D.V. or not I will sack the city?" No, you forgot the great formula of your party "as in 1885," and the result is not to say conservative—Primrose Dames and the Battering Ram is nearer the mark. While we are on the subject of the Septem, I should like to have your candid opinion of the merits of that play. Do you hold with (I think) Mr. James Payn that it is arrant rubbish, or with me that the interest is too painfully thrilling? How one checks off the gates on one's fingers, and trembles to think what some exceedingly boastful person is doing outside! And then the intense relief to learn that Justice is leading a God-fearing man to the safe side of the gate, and that the knowing ones are putting their money on Zeus, Typho being offered in vain.

As an examiner your mark-book is Alpine in its scenery, towering heights alternating with yawning abysses. Nought and a hundred are your favourite symbols. While the good man finds in you a patent elevator, the impostor lights on a nether millstone. But, as we know, even the author of parts of the so-called Homeric poems sometimes dozes. And this must, I think, have happened to you some ten years ago, when you assigned marks to four elaborate historical essays, which had not a ghost of a fact concealed about their persons. Let me take this opportunity of apologising. "Make brick," say the Examiners. But if you have no straw, and no time to go a-gleaning, what are you to do? One is in the delicate position of the Plataeans and the Little Question. "What do you know of the reforms of Cleisthenes?" To answer the truth is inexpedient (as the Trinity scholar found in the matter of the Pelasgians), while falsehood brings with it an easy detection.

Let me further remind you that you have built a house and taken the Litt.D. But neither of these is distinctive nowadays. I have never seen you in a cope. You are a Home Ruler and prefer to play whist for love. One of these courses seems to me more commendable than the other. You are not the typical don of romance; you have managed to hit the happy mean in being hail-fellow-well-met with undergraduates and seniors alike without forgetting that membership of the Senate of this University is perhaps the highest

position attainable by man. You are a pleasant companion, have a keen sense of humour, and are, I am sure, of too kindly a nature to take amiss any apparent flippancy in this letter. You have many friends and no enemies, except your partner for the time being.

THE HIGHEST LOCALS.

(*Cambridge Review*, December 4, 1890).

ὁ δὲ ἀνεξέταστος βίος οὐ βιωτὸς ἀνθρώπῳ.

(Plato, *Apology*).

THE following Report is strictly confidential, but perhaps of sufficient interest to be published.

GROUP X. (RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.)

There were 349 candidates. The general work was good, comparing favourably with last year and probably with next. A more accurate acquaintance with either the original Greek or the conventional English would probably have reduced the number of failures, which amounted to 348. The balance obtained third class honours.

GROUP V. (ENGLISH.)

The majority of candidates seemed to think that Swinburne's "Ode to the Newer Morality" was a religious subject, and treated it from a Judaic standpoint. Otherwise the work was good. 743 however of the rejected candidates seem to have used a defective text-book, as they were unable to distinguish between "is" and "his." The rest obtained first class honours.

The parsing was better than the spelling.

GROUP Z. (FRENCH.)

This subject does not appear to have been treated in a sufficiently colloquial manner even at the best schools. The most successful candidates failed to give an idiomatic translation of such simple phrases as *moi qui vous parle, vous êtes un autre*, and "*je*" says *I, knowing the language*. More marks would have been gained if the students had studied such intricate words as *bon, père, mère*, etc.

No one knew who General Boulanger was except one candidate, who quoted the Apocalypse.

On the whole the Women's answers were neater than the Men's, as they ruled lines in red ink when they had answered a question and also when they hadn't, thus obtaining 5 per cent. more marks. The percentage of failures to passes would take a Mathematician and a table of Logarithms to work out.

Many marks were lost by candidates knowing nothing about the subject.

GROUP Q. (CHINESE.)

The number of candidates has risen infinitely since last year, as then there were none, and this year we had one young woman, and a youth, who thought it was Latin Verse, but elected to stay on the off chance. Result, last year: 0, 0, 0: this year: 0, 0, .5.

GROUP W. (BOTANY.)

Particular attention was to be paid, as per Schedule, to the Family *Ranunculaceae*, and all shots outside were not to count. The usual enquiries as to the meaning of *corm*, *drupe*, *tap-root*, *prothallus* drew the usual blank. The specimens were for the most part correctly determined, but there was a lamentable ignorance of scientific nomenclature. Candidates should remember that even the meanest plant has a right to be described by two Latin words and a false concord, if possible. More attention should be paid to Floral Diagrams.

The Students had evidently been highly trained as far as the middle of the first chapter.

GROUP P. (GEOLOGY.)

No Candidates. This is unfortunate as the good old specimens are getting well-known, and the veriest tiro could tell the hornblende from the ammonite.

The Examiner therefore sends in a hypothetical report. Passed (probably), 100 per cent., the rest failed through faulty text-books and not having attended my lectures.

GROUP—(no Eastern fount to hand)—HEBREW.

This paper was excellently done by the three candidates. The Examiner reports that he forgot for the moment that you had to begin at the other end (so to speak), and incontinently ploughed

them all, but that on re-examining the papers on his head before a mirror, he awarded three first classes.

He would, however, suggest that a stylographic pen is not suited to this examination. Quills and sobriety win the marks.

GROUP ω (GREEK.)

In this little-read subject there was one candidate, who knew more parts of $\tauύπτω$ than the Ancients, and satisfied the Examiner.

GROUP A. (BIOLOGY.)

As there was only one *Hydra* provided, which was eaten by *Rana* early in the examination, the practical part fell through, especially as some of the more self-respecting students refused to discuss *Lumbricus*, which for the purposes of the examination was pronounced with a short "i."

The book-work seems to have been prepared from the last text-book but three, published in 1889.

LIGHT, HEAT, ELECTRICITY and the like.

There seems to have been some confusion here. The Examiner would point out to masters of schools that the three systems of pulleys are out of place, even if you call them "pencils," and that a volt is not an aliquot part of a bushel. A question set to test the common sense of the

students was not attempted. Still it is satisfactory to see that scientific training is spreading.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

More candidates this year knew what *isothermal lines* were, through the derivation from the Latin "*iso*, hot, and *therma*, cold" leaves much to be desired. The origin of Coral Islands was not thoroughly understood.

Moraines were not set this time. Candidates cannot pass in this section on a knowledge of the Gulf stream only.

COMMERCIAL CERTIFICATES.

The questions on Company-promoting and Précis-writing were well answered by the majority of the candidates, but they showed but little real grasp of Spanish. "Señor Don" is correct as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough, and should be applied to one sex only. In Arithmetic they had thoroughly mastered the first four rules.

LOGIC.

There was much difference of opinion as to the terminology of this science. Those candidates who spoke of the Predication of the Quantificate got less marks than their luckier competitors, however excellent their illustrations.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The students seem to have reproduced what they had been taught with praiseworthy fidelity, though

sufficient attention had not been paid to the original authorities. There were few signs of independent thought. While none of the papers could be called absolutely worthless, none on the other hand were entirely satisfactory, many occupying an intermediate position. The style was modelled on the New York Daily Press.

Τοπικά.

ON NATURAL HISTORY.

(*Eagle*, March 1891).

THIS little lecture was delivered in the Combination-room at the commencement of the new year. I have been asked to publish it in view of the foundation of an Agricultural Department in this University, which is to teach us everything from the price of cereals to the geology of the Cretaceous Period. The wonders of the Animal Kingdom therefore attain a new interest for us, and it is hoped that these chapters may serve as short monographs of what we at present know on the subject of the animals that may be found on the Home-Farm, whether in their wild state or domesticated. As I did not take my degree in *Puris Naturalibus*, I hope that any mistakes will be condoned.

CHAPTER I. *Of the Fluke, the Bot, and the Trichina.*

The Fluke is nothing if not domesticated. It begins life as a parasite of a freshwater shell-fish, which is perhaps as lowly an origin as the humblest of us could desire. We next find it in the interior of the Sheep, because it likes to have some place it can call a Home; at this stage of its career it is known as the Staggers, and causes its host

to appear ring-straked. It eventually, I believe, developes into some common object of the microscope.

Contrariwise the Bot or Worble (for it is known to the poets by both names) is the young of the Gad-fly. In its history we find one of the most remarkable adaptations in Nature of the means to the end and of both to the ridiculous. The mother-fly lays her egg on the tongue of the Horse, so that, when that noble animal opens its mouth to laugh, the embryo Gad-fly falls out and perishes miserably. Thus, by a simple mechanical contrivance the balance of nature is maintained. If it were not for this, statisticians inform us, there would be in sixteen generations three Gad-flies to every square inch of the habitable globe, for this insect knows nothing of the Prudential Check. All this should show us that the operations of Nature, though to Man in his ignorance they sometimes appear cruel, are in reality at once wise and merciful.

The Trichina is the cause of measles in pork, which may be called a *corruptio optimi*. I do not know much about this creature, but I have been told that, if you cut out the Trichinae from a square inch of the muscle of a diseased pig and set them end to end, they would reach as far as an express train from here to St. Paul's, travelling at a uniform speed. The moral is that we should cook our pork, which at the same time cooks the goose of the Trichina by the Law which Naturalists call Correlation. I do not think the Trichina

developes into anything else, but it reproduces itself in interminable lengths like a popular Novelist.

CHAPTER II. *Of the common Eagle.*

This more or less featherless biped is the King of Birds. He can gaze with unblenched eyes at the Sun. He also feeds on cox-combs and other internal mechanisms. If you try to stare him out of countenance, he yawns, says "Yap" (which is as near as he can get to an expletive), and works his wings as if they were dumb-bells till he tumbles off his perch. Then with a quiet dignity he puts his head in his waistcoat pocket and winds up his Waterbury.

CHAPTER III. *Of the Sole.*

This succulent fish has one eye permanently round the corner, like Mr. MacDougall of the L.C.C. He is white on one side and dark on the other, like many another honest Englishman. I used to think that the white side was the under-side and the egg-and-breadcrumb the upper; but it is not so. They are rights and lefts. The reason for this arrangement, I am told, is as follows. When an enemy looks down upon the fish from above it sees only the dark part, and says to itself "This can't be a sole," and the same thing occurs *mutatis mutandis* with the enemy from below, and before they have time to compare notes the Sole is escaped out of the net of the Fowler. This doesn't sound to me very plausible, but of course

in Science we do not expect to arrive at the exact truth; what we hope for is a good working hypothesis, which will enable us to bring out our book before the other man's. To return, the method of progression of the Sole is wobbly, but not unstatesmanlike.

CHAPTER IV. *Of the Hippopotamus.*

Much has been written of this interesting animal, but there is still something left for the gleaner. He combines the bland expression of a certain eminent Cabinet Minister with the pachydermatous hide of our political opponents—whichever side they are. He was apparently fashioned by Nature before she made the lasses o! and his delicate curves were put in with a pickaxe.

CHAPTER V. *Of the Stork.*

The Stork is chiefly remarkable for having what I believe Mathematicians call a re-entrant angle in its knee, so that it works its legs on the minus side of the directrix, like the less reputable branch of the hyperbola. It has to take a back seat in the pew to leave room for its devotions. The female Stork in the Zoological Gardens builds in washing-baskets for preference. It can stand on one leg with its head between its shoulder-blades as long as it can get anyone to look at it. It then puts the other foot down gingerly as if the earth was red-hot and chuckles.

CHAPTER VI. *Of the Pelican.*

The Pelican is a fertile cross between a flamingo, a goose, and a magazine-rifle. He is fed at 3 p.m. After dinner he shakes himself, wags his tail, hops solemnly three times on both feet, and thinks about to-morrow's breakfast. He then reproduces a damaged fish from his dewlap, which he looks at for some time with unutterable contempt, but eventually bolts when he sees his missus coming.

This is the Pelican of the Wilderness, the Pelican of Gerrard Street is a different bird and feeds later.

CHAPTER VII. *Of the Love-bird.*

This bird is created in pairs, and for the purposes of commerce is painted green. It is the husband of one wife, with whom it quarrels continually except when there are strangers present, when it takes her by the beak and pretends to be kissing; it is essentially human. When she departs this life it mopes and never smiles again. It dies in the odour of sanctity with cotton-wool in its ears. We know what this kind of bird thinks of us, but it never knows what we think of it. It is a humbug to the last.

CHAPTER VIII. *Of the Bacillus.*

As this creature is still *sub judice* and the microscope, it would be indelicate to say more than this, that mixed with glycerine and rats' spleens it forms a nutritious diet for invalids and children. It is supplied in phials (flavoured to suit the disease)

at a moderate profit to Crowned Heads and other Personages.

CHAPTER IX. *Of the Glow-worm.*

Shakespeare and others, who should have known better, tell us that the Glow-worm lights her lamp as a kind of Matrimonial News Agency and Scottish Widows. But we are not to be taken in. If an emancipated lady Glow-worm wanted to marry she would say so, and on a rebuff go about saying that the retiring modesty of British Maidenhood was not appreciated, and then start a new religion or at least a lay mission.

CHAPTER X. *Of the Beetle in General.*

This is an excellent fowl, though it *has* six legs. Plato tells us in the *Symposium* that Man originally had four legs, and had a much better time of it than we have at present, because he could do "three cartwheels a penny" with ease. This made him haughty. *A fortiori* six legs is too many and has a suggestion of a luggage-train about it. Even an omnibus has only four. However, the Beetle is good to collect, and, as he does not use the Monkey Brand, his clothes will wash.

CHAPTER XI. *Of the Lap-wing or Peewit.*

The Lap-wing is a striking example of the development of the maternal instinct. When a sportsman approaches too near her nest, she decoys him from her callow brood by flying as

if with broken wing. The result is that the mother Lap-wing is shot, and eventually appears at table as golden plover, while the orphans are adopted by a widowed cat, much to the delight of the Editor of the Spectator and other persons, who combine Faith with Science. It is usual on these occasions for the foster-mother to teach her changelings to miaou and build in the best bonnet-box, thus disproving the theory of the Immutability of Species.

CHAPTER XII. *Of the Bower-bird.*

The Bower-bird of Australia is chiefly remarkable for running away with its neighbour's land-mark, contrary to the provisions of the Commination Service. It then gives a small and early to celebrate the event, whereat the best dancers secure their partners for life. The rest go back to their interrupted occupation of hunting for sardine-tins and other treasure-trove to adorn their bowers.

CHAPTER XIII. *Of the Rhinosceros.*

This is one of the most comic of animals. It has the air of an old-clothes-man, who has put all his stock-in-trade on his back regardless of fit—*omnia mea mecum porto*, as Cæsar said to the recalcitrant boatman. I watched him in the Zoo last autumn; he was running round his enclosure, and whenever he came to a particular place he stopped and snorted, and then trundled on again with all the grace of the Salvation Army. Perhaps

he was beginning to realise that after all he is only a grand old Pig with a wart on his nose.

CHAPTER XIV. *Of the Ornithorhynchus anatinus.*

The Ornithorhynchus anatinus or Duck-billed Platypus is a little mixed. He is the Tory Democrat or Protestant Home-Ruler of the animal world—I mean it is a little difficult to trace his affinities and discover his purpose in the scheme of Creation. For a long time we did not know whether he was viviparous or oviparous, but Cambridge may be proud that that question was set at rest by one of her sons, who dissected as many as he could lay his hands on, and telegraphed the thrilling message to Montreal: “Mother and egg both doing as well as might be expected.” I believe by the way the beast was getting rare and has doubtless now been finished off, which shows the superiority of the Scientific Researcher over the Mere Collector.

CHAPTER XV. *Of the Aphis.*

I had collected many details of this interesting insect, but am prevented from publishing by having a Church of England Conscience. I can only state that the Aphis marries but once in sixteen generations, but that it fills up the intervals with Parthenogenesis and other forms of Vice.

CHAPTER XVI. *Of the Human.*

Man is the roof and crown of things. Cambridge, it is generally allowed, is the roof and crown of

man; and the roof and crown of Cambridge for some time to come will be the Agricultural Syndicate. I have now worked up from the lowest of created beings to the highest, and will therefore conclude.

AN IMPRESSIONIST ON POST-GRADUATE STUDY.

(*Cambridge Review*, February 22, 1894).

LET us congratulate ourselves. We are ahead of Oxford *this* time* and in the Van of Progress. The latter of course we always are except when Oxford happens to be there first, and then, as there is not room for two, we have no alternative but to get out and scoff; and fall back on the Extension Movement, and the miner, who walked ten miles through the rain and six public-houses to hear a Syllabus on "Robert Browning; his place in the Kosmos." But here we have it all our own way—the idea of offering special advantages *urbi et orbi*, provided only *urbs* and *orbis* are not members of our University, is, I think, quite our own. Fired with this idea I went to hear the discussion in the Arts School last Thursday. Now it would neither be possible nor proper for me to attempt to reproduce all I heard there; but I thought that, just as an Impressionist Artist by a few dabs of black and white and yellow can call up before our eyes "The Burning of Rome," or "London by Gaslight," or "An August Bank Holiday at the North Pole," or whatever

* About twenty-four hours, as it turned out, but I was not in the secrets of the Council.

else he tells us to look for, so a few of my impressions on the more salient points of the discussion might be useful to those who had not the privilege of attending.

My first impression then was that Post-Graduate study is in the happy position of the Parish Councils Bill—we are all agreed about the principle though there may be some slight divergence of opinion as to mere detail. We all feel that if we can get graduates from our list of “Recognised” Universities (with a * in cases of special distinction) to patronise us, it will be a good thing—if it does not cost too much. This is the only difficulty, for (as it was pointed out) no self-respecting University would think of inviting a stranger to come up here, attend its professors’ lectures, make use of its Library, Museums, and Laboratories, and generally make himself at home, unless it was prepared to pay him for his trouble. The days when scholars did that kind of thing *gratis* are past. We cannot pay him in money for various obvious reasons, so we must pay him in kind. “Look here,” we say to him, “you come to us for a year (which means only six months, you know), and we will give you the same privileges we give our own men after three (or four) years residence; and when you get back to your own country give us a friendly ‘par,’ if you can.” So far I am quite with the Report; but it was pointed out that this might not be enough; a Bachelor of *e.g.* Pocahontas, U.S., will not have gained anything if after enjoying our hospitality for a

year he is only a Bachelor of Cambridge; he wants to rise a step on the intellectual ladder; and so it was suggested that Master of Science and Master of Letters would be more appetising degrees. This however brings us at once face to face with the question of membership of the Senate, which is not, at present, proposed should be conferred by the Special Boards. Why not start quite a new series of degrees? I would with diffidence suggest "Duke of Science" and "Viscount Letters;" this would please the recipients, especially the American section of the type we wish to attract, and would serve to differentiate Post-Graduates from the humbler class who take degrees in the ordinary hum-drum way.

The second impression I should not have tried to reproduce except that those most concerned seemed positively to hug the idea. It was pointed out that these post-graduates would be a useful stimulus to our teaching staff. It seems that what with original research on the one hand and teaching the British Undergraduate (who is apparently a very dull person) on the other, the Professors' and Demonstrators' and Readers' life is not a happy one, and there is always the least tendency in the world to get slack. A few more advanced Germans and Americans would keep those teachers up to mark; they would have to get up very early and read all the current periodicals to keep ahead of *them*.

Impression number three: the social advantages our visitors would gain and impart by their year's

residence. This is an argument which deserves all the respect it commands; but what exactly the social advantages of the University are, it is difficult to discover. Beyond the Proctorial system and Great St. Mary's I know of none. The social side of our life here depends on the Colleges; the University can do much to destroy this, but it cannot create or dispense it; so I think this asset should be left out of the prospectus.

Fourthly, as to the possible numbers of our new students. One member of the Senate ventured to doubt whether there was a great demand for the suggested privilege. I am afraid I disagree with him. If we advertise a good marketable degree at about a third of the price and a tenth of the trouble which it has hitherto cost, I think well enough of my fellow-men to anticipate a fair number of applicants. One speaker, indeed, told us that hardly a term passed without foreigners writing to ask him "what on earth Cambridge was going to do for *them*?" (I am not quoting the exact words). The humiliating answer has to be returned that we have some three thousand students of our own, for about a third of whom the University does practically nothing except take their fees and plough them at intervals, and that hitherto our hands have been full, but we hope to do better in future. If the rest of the four hundred or so resident members of the Senate receive a like number of applications, we have quite a bright vista of increased usefulness opening out before us. May we not, perhaps, become a little

crowded? In this connection I should like to quote part of a Report of the Special Board for Physics and Chemistry (*University Reporter*, Nov. 28, 1893), "The number of Students attending the (Cavendish) Laboratory is so large that there is not sufficient accommodation for them in the Laboratory itself, and many of the classes have to be held in the building which was used as a temporary Dissecting Room. . . . This temporary laboratory however. . . will shortly have to be removed. Accommodation will have to be found for the classes hitherto held in this building." Then follows a recommendation to appoint a Syndicate to obtain plans and estimates for further building. At the discussion on this report it was pointed out that there are no funds, unless we adopt the time-honoured expedient of sending round the hat again. The state of the case then seems to be (1) The Cavendish Laboratory is overcrowded at present; (2) It will soon be still more so; (3) It is one of the many institutions clamouring for funds which do not exist; (4) The Cavendish Professor was one of those who would heartily welcome post-graduates to his Laboratory. With all the ability and good will in the world, some one must go to the wall, and I do not think it will be the post-graduate; he is *ex hypothesi* a superior person, and we cannot invite people to come over and stimulate us, and then tell them there is no room for them. It looks as if this scheme was another for benefitting everybody and everything first, and the British undergraduate

(who pays so much of the salary of the piper and choses so little of the tune) second or nowhere.

Again as to the possible age of our patrons. We should, I presume, "recognise" Scotch Universities. Now it is a pleasant and not always a disadvantageous thing to be a Scotchman, as many candidates for educational preferment have found out, but their system is different to ours. It is possible, I understand, for a man to take his degree at a Scotch University at an age at which a Cambridge undergraduate has hardly begun his career. May not a third or fourth year man find it something of a grievance that a comparative stranger gets one or two years start of him in the privileges of bachelorhood solely on the merit of *not* being a Cambridge man? Again the Scotch system is said to be more economical than ours; may we not lose many regular students thereby? Many a man who has to think of ways and means will prefer one year at Cambridge and three at St. Enoch's on the traditional bag of oatmeal and a clean kilt, to the expense of three years with us, with the result that he and Cambridge will lose two years of the mutual social improvement.

Lastly as to the method of degree giving by thesis. Some dark hints were thrown out which might be summed up in, "It's a wise thesis that knows its own father." It seems that owing to kindness of heart or telepathy or some other disturbing element, the man who writes a thesis sometimes knows less about its contents than the

man who didn't but "corrected a few errors." Of course the candidate could be instructed to mark what he considered original in his essay, but the only time I tried it myself, the answer worked out "scissors and the use of a German-English dictionary," so that the test is not always adequate. It was suggested that the keeping of an Act would obviate this difficulty, but apparently it takes three to keep an Act: one to read, one to mark and one to assess, and if there are going to be many Acts to be kept, we come back again to our initial difficulty, for there is quite enough unpaid and under-paid work done in this University as it is.

I am afraid it may be asked "though these be truths, are you the proper person to urge them?" I can only plead that in these days when even the humble Dynamiter, though he does not always conform to his established church and the local code of ethics, claims a sympathetic hearing in the Press, I should like to enunciate my academic creed, which would be to this effect: that in our attempt to be "frankly democratic"—as the phrase goes—we have sometimes made ourselves frankly something else, and that when we have thoroughly democratised ourselves and stand cap in hand to everybody, the democracy which, whatever its faults, has a good deal of common sense, may learn to rate us at our own valuation.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

Oh Cyprian born of the foam of the sea,
That lurkest in *Chia's* fair cheeks,
Each passionate youth in his worship of thee
Is Greek as the Greekest of Greeks.

But lurking in *his* lips, as wiser grows he,
Is goddess more true and more fair,
No treacherous foam-fleck of Hellas' false sea,
But *schaum* of a Teutonic *meer*.

STYLE IN THE MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS.

[By grace of the Senate, February 28, 1895.]

(Cambridge Review, March 7, 1895).

Poor Jones is ploughed in Rigid,
for his style is quite too frigid,
no evidence of taste has he, of any sort or kind;
he can't expand his views,
any more than in his trews
a Zulu or a Highlander has perfect peace of mind.

Look at Brown's Elliptic Functions,
he's quite above conjunctions—
a very neat asyndeton in question number 3;
though he doesn't know a θ
from a β or a ξ ,
his style's so very winsome, we must give him a
degree.

Then there's Bumbleji (of Downing),
he's studied Robert Browning
and caught the poet's manner in Vibrations, Waves
and Tides,
a wealth of subtle meanings
and mediaeval gleanings,
and very little Poetry, and nothing much besides.

Clark's Thoughts on the Potential,
with a Note on Differential,
have quite the modern tone with them, as cultured
as can be ;
his Dynamics of a Particle
would shame a leading article
in Standard, Times or Morning Post, or even the
D.T.

What ? Davies idiotic ?
He's perhaps a shade erotic—
a little touch of Swinburne in evaluating π .
But his lines on Geodesy
run so very free and easy,
that none could write more tunefully, not even you
or I.

Then mark O'Toole's Quaternions,
(a prince among Hibernians),
at all the modern Algebras he's really up to date ;
one thinks of Lord Macaulay
with a dash of Mr. Morley,
as he writes out his De Moivre like a Document of
State.

But Tompkinson (of Clare)
has accomplishments most rare ;
he doesn't know his Euclid, but has dotted all his
"i's" ;
he mayn't be wise or witty,
but it's written out so pretty,
if he can't be Senior Wrangler, let us give him a
Smith's Prize.

Now (I say it with contrition)
I've no "power of exposition,*"
for I wasn't bred on Essays as all may plainly see;
it's a very painful story,
I shall really grow a Tory,
if we all go on improving so. Yours ever, H. R. T.

* *Sic.*

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥ ΤΠΩΠΙΑΣΜΕΝΟΥ

FRAGMENTUM.*

(Eagle, March 1888).

ΣΟΦΟΚΛΕΟΥΣ ΕΙΔΩΔΟΝ.

ὦ τέκνα Γράντης λαμπροτάτου γ' αἰὲ διὰ
βαίνοντες ἀβρῶς αἰθέρος, πάρειμι δὴ
Σοφοκλέους εἰδωλον, εἰ τῇ Ψυχικῇ
Ἑταιρίᾳ φίλον τόδ', ἐξ Αἴδου δόμων
φέρων μετ' ἑμαυτοῦ θεῖον ἡμερῶν τριῶν.
μόλις δὲ Πλούτων' αὐτὸν ἐξαφίεναι
ἔπεισα κατακριθέντα μ' ἀμπλακιῶν χάριν
ὅσας ὁ Βροῦνιγξ ἔγραφ' ἀναγνῶναι βίβλους,
κοῦπω γ' ἐτέλεσα Δακτύλιόν τε καὶ Βίβλον,
οὐδ' ἂν τελέσαιμι διὰ μακραίωνος χρόνου.
ἐβουλόμην δ' οὖν Ἀγγλίαν ἐπισκοπεῖν
καὶ τοὺς ἐνοίκους, ἐξ ὅτου γὰρ ἀπέθανον
οὐπώποτ' εἶδον ἑμμανέστερον γένος.
πάλαι γὰρ οἱ κατιόντες εὐφυνεῖς πάννυ
ἦσαν βλοσυροὶ τε καὶ καλοὶ τε κἀγαθοί,
εὐθύς δὲ προσεποιοῦντο πάνθ' Αἴδου δόμον
ὥς δῆθεν οὖσαν Ἀγγλίας ἀποικίαν,
καὶ τοὺς Γαλάτας ἐπάταξαν ὥσπερ ἐνθαδί.
νῦν δ' ἄλλος ἄλλω (πῶς δοκεῖς;) ἐχθαίρεται,
καὶ λοιδοροῦνται θεολόγων αἰσχίονα.

* A copy of Tripos Verses for 1887.

THE SAME ENGLISHED.*

TWO LOVELY RED EYES.

SHADE OF SOPHOCLES.

YE sons of *Granta*, "who through brightest air
Move ever stately onwards," here am I,
The shade of *Sophocles*, if Psychical
Research permit it, from the halls of *Dis*—
A three-days' brimstone rations in my kit.
Scarce could I bring great *Pluto* to permit
My exit, for my sins who was condemned
To con the whole of *Robert Browning's* works,
Nor yet have won my way through *Ring and Book*,
Nor never shall till final Ding o' Doom.
Yet fain was I to visit *Albion's* shores
And her inhabitants, for since I died
I never yet have seen a madder crew.
For those of old in Nature's kindlier mould
Were fashioned, bluff and sturdy gentlemen,
And when they came among us straight laid
claim
To *Hades'* realms as *England's* colony,
And smote the Frenchman as on upper earth.
But now they wrangle past belief, and hurl
Abuse that well might shame a Theologue.

* By the request of the Editors: Μαθηματικοί, οὐδὲ ἴσασιν ὅσῳ
πλέον ἡμῶν παντός.

πρώτη δ' ἀνιόντι δόξα μοι παρεστάθη
 Λονδίσιον ἐλθεῖν· πᾶσα δ' ἦν μεστή πόλις
 ἀνδρῶν κοβίλων, λωποδυτῶν, τοιχωρύχων,
 ξύλων, θορυβούντων, ὑπτιασμάτων, λίθων·
 πάντα δ' ἐβόων γυναῖα κακοηθέστατα·
 “ὦ Δημοκρατία, τῆς κεφαλῆς κατέαγέ τις
 φιλόπολις ὡς μάλιστα, καὶ γὰρ τοὺς Σκύθας
 ἤραξ' ἔπαισε λὰξ ἐπάτησεν ἀνδρικῶς.”
 κἀντεῦθεν ἄλλος διὰ χεροῖν ῥάβδον λαβὼν·
 “ἐλευθέρα Τράφαλγα, παῖ' ὅσον θέλῃς.”
 ἐγὼ δὲ “βόμβαξ” εἶπον, ὃ δ' ἐσεμνύνετο.
 ἐνθένδ' ἐς ὑμᾶς ἦλθον ἐς Γράντης πόλιν,
 Οἰδίποδ' ἐρευνῶν ἔνθα που ναίων κυρεῖ,
 τὸν Λαΐειον παῖδα Πολυδώρου τε καὶ
 τοῦ πρόσθε Κάδμου τοῦ τε δεινός τοῦ
 πάλαι.

ΚΑΛΗΔΟΝΙΟΣ.

- τίς ποδαπὸς εἶ σύ; κᾶτ' ἀκαδημικὴν στολὴν
 οὐδεμίαν οὕτως ὀψὲ δειλίας φορεῖς;
 Σοφ. σὺ δ' εὐτυχοίης εὐεπείας οὔνεκα,
 καὶ ταῦτα πρὸς ξένον με· τὴν δ' ἐμὴν
 στολὴν
 οὐκ ἂν μεθαρμόσαιμ' (ἔφη Βριηνίδης),
 ἥτοι θάνοιμ' ἂν, ὡς φιλόπολις ὦν κυρῶ.
 Καλ. ἥσθην φιλοπόλεις ἐστερημένῳ βράκας.
 Σοφ. τίς εἶ σύ γ' ἐτεόν; ἡ τις ἔκκριτος Σκύθης;
 Καλ. Πρόκτωρ ἔγωγε, δίθρονον ἐκ Διὸς σέβας.

Soon as I stepped above ground my first thought
 To come to *London*, but the city teemed
 With rabble scum of burglars, pick-pockets,
 Sticks, stones, the Rights of Speech, and men
 capsized ;
 And all around a crew of woman-kind
 Bawled : " Sovereign People, here's a friend's
 head burst,
 An earnest patriot, for like a man
 He thrashed and lashed and jumped on the
 Police."
 And here another grasping staff in hand :
 "*Trafalgar's* free, smite when and how you
 please,"
 But I said " Bosh ! " whereat he sulked amain.
 Next have I come to you to *Granta's* town
 In search where *Oedipus* may haply dwell,
 The son of *Laius* and *Polydorus* and
 Of ancient *Cadmus* and old *Thingumbob*.

THE GREAT SCOT.

- Who and whence are you ? what, so late at
 night,
 And yet you wear no Academic dress !
Soph. A blessing on you for your courtesies,
 And that to me a stranger ; but my dress
 I may not change, as bold *O'Brien* said,
 'Twould kill me to undrape my patriot soul.
G. S. Delightful rape of patriotic trews !
Soph. Who are you ? sure a special constable ?
G. S. A Proctor I, the twin-throned power of *Zeus*.

- Σοφ. Πρόκτορσι χαίρειν πᾶσι καὶ πάσαις λέγω.
 Καλ. σὺ δ' ὦγαθ' ἄπιθι, καὶ γὰρ ἀστὸς ὢν πρέπεις,
 καὶ καπνοποιεῖν σοι πᾶρεστι, καὶν θέλῃς
 τέθριππα νωμᾶν—καὶτ' ἀπάγξασθαι τρίτον.

ΕΦΗΜΕΡΙΔΟΠΩΛΗΣ.

- τὸ Σκῶρ Ἀείνων ἀποκαλύψεις ἔκτοποι·
 πέμπτη ἔκδοσίς τοι. σκάνδαλον πανύστατον.
 οὐ γὰρ βασιλῆς γαμοῦσιν αὐτῶν μητέρας,
 πατέρας κατακτανόντες, ἔς τε δημοτῶν
 φιλοῦσ' ὑβρίζειν τὴν μεγάλθυμον καρδίαν;
 πῶς δῆτ' ἀνεκτὸν μὴ οὐ πατεῖν τοὺς ἐν τέλει;
 Σοφ. αἰβοῖ, φίλ' ἀνδρῶν, οὐ κεφαλῆς ὄξεις μύρου.
 ἀλλ' ἡνίκε τὸ θέατρον· εἰσελθεῖν ἄκμή.

Ο ΠΕΡΤΣΙ ΚΩΜΑΡΧΟΣ.

- οὐ χειροτονηθεὶς πῶς ἂν εἰσελθεῖν δοκεῖς;
 Σοφ. τούτῳ δὴ ὀβολῷ τῆς ἔδρας μισθὸν φέρων·
 Κωμ. ποίῳ δὴ ὀβολῷ; δέκα δραχμὰς εἰ μὴ τελοῖς,
 οὐκ ἂν θεάσαι', οὐδ' ἂν εἰ τὴν μητέρα
 θέλοις γαμεῖν σὺ κακτετυφλωσθαί γε πρόσ.
 Σοφ. ἀλλ' εἰμ' ὁ διδάξας αὐτός· ὦ πόλις πόλις.
 Κωμ. καὶ μὴν ὅδ' ἥκει Βασιλικῶν τις ἐκ δόμων,
 ὃς εἴ τις ἄλλος γινώσεται σ' εἰ γνωστὸς εἶ.

ΕΤΑΙΡΟΣ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΟΣ.

- τίς εἶ σύ; βασιλεύς;
 Σοφ. οὐχί.
 Ἐτ. Βασ. βουλευτῆς ἄρα;

Soph. All Proctors male and female I defy.

G. S. Be off, good sir, you're clearly of the Town,
So you may smoke and, if it be your mood,
Drive four-in-hand—to distant *Fericho*.

NEWS-VENDOR.

The fifth edition of the *Gutter News*,
Startling disclosures! Scandal's latest breath!
What have we here? A Tory King who weds
His mother, having done his sire to death,
And tramples on the People's mighty heart.
Come, help kick out a brutal Ministry.

Soph. Ugh, my good sir, you're none too savoury.
Here's the theatre, let us take our place.

THE EX-MAYOR.

Without a ballot you can't enter here.

Soph. These obols twain I offer for my seat.

Ex-M. Obols be hanged! Ten drachmae you must
pay

Or you'll see nothing, no not if you wed
Your lady-mother and gouge out your eyes.

Soph. I'm he who wrote the play; shame on your
town!

Ex-M. Nay, here comes one from out the halls of
King's,

Who'll know you sure if you be fit to know.

FELLOW OF KING'S.

What are you? King?

Soph.

No.

Fell.

Privy Councillor?

Σοφ. οὐκ—

Ἐτ. Βασ. ἀποκομίζων ἂν σεαυτὸν οὐ φθάνοις.

Σοφ. τὸν πᾶσι κλεινὸν Σοφοκλέα φάσκειν ὀρᾶν.

Ἐτ. Βασ. ἐβουλόμην δ' ἂν ἄλλὰ τῶν τιν' ἐν τέλει εἶναί σ'· ὅμως εἰσελθὲ λαίνοὺς δόμους.

Σοφ. ἰοῦ, παρῆναι τοῖς τραγωδοῖς ἦν ἄρα* γυναιξί· καίτοι τοῦτ' ἀνιῶμαι πάλαι. τάχ' ἂν δυναίμην, ὥς σοφός τις γίγνομαι, μαθεῖν παλαιὰν ναῦν ὅπως ἡρέσσετο. καὶ τηνικαῦτα φροῦδος ἢ ἔξεταστική. σιγῶμεν, εἰσβλέψωμεν· Οἰδίπους ὅδε. ἀπάτη γὰρ οὐκ ἔστ', οὐδὲν ὑπὸ μάλης ἔχει.

ὁδὶ δ' ὀπίαων οὐκ ἀπάπυρος ἀσπίδων.
ὥς γαῦρός ἐστι παμμάχῳ βρύων θράσει.
τίνες δέ ποθ' αἶδ' ; ὦ τρισμακάριος
Οἰδίπους,

οἶων ἔκυρσας τῶν θεραπαινῶν, ὦ τάλαν,
τῆς παντελοῦς γυναικὸς εὐπρεπεστέρων
(ὥς καὶ παρ' ἡμῖν ἐνθαδὶ νομίζεται).
οὐκ ἔτὸς ἄρ', ὦ τᾶν, γραῦν ἔγημας ὦν νέος.
καίτοι τί μ' ἐξίστησι πρὸς Διὸς νέον
ψυχῆς πλάνημα κἀνακίνησις φρενῶν ;
ποῦ δῆθ' ὁ κόθορνος ; ποῦ τὰ πρόσωπα ;
ποῦ τὸ πᾶν ;

ὁ λαμπρὸς αἰθὴρ χοῖ Σαλαμῖνιοι λόφοι ;
αἶαι τὸ γόνιμον δρᾶμ'· ἄλλις νοσῶν ἐγώ.

*

*

*

*

καθηῦδον ἱκανῶς, νῦν δ' ἀπίωμεν οἴκαδε.

* " Present recognition of a past fact."

Soph. Not I—

Fell. Be off then with what speed you may.

Soph. Deem that you see the world-famed *Sophocles*.

Fell. O that you'd been in Government employ ;
Still you may pass within the marble halls.

Soph. Hurrah ! then women *were* allowed to see
Our tragedies ; that's bothered me of old.
Soon shall I know, so wise I'm grown of
late,

How triremes worked their triple bank of
oars !

And then—good bye, Examination's art !
Hush, let me view the scene. Here's *Oedipus*,
There's no deception, nothing up the sleeve,
And here a guard with sturdy paper shield.
How grand his look, how full of martial pride !
But who are these ? O *Oedipus* thrice-blessed,
What very charming lady-helps, you rogue !
Far fairer than your lawful wedded wife
(As happens sometimes in this world of ours).
You're no such fool to have mated with a
hag.

But what in heaven's name's this sudden
pang,

This sinking of the heart and soul's distress ?
Where are the buskins ? where the masks ?
where all ?

Clear ether and the hills of *Salamis* ?
The genuine drama's dead ; my woe's enough.

* * * *

I've slept my fill, 'tis time we homeward turn.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

χαίροιεν ὅσοι θεραπεύουσιν
τὴν ἐρατεινὴν λιγυρὰν Μοῦσαν,
τὴν Ἑλληνίδα καὶ Ῥωμαϊκὴν,
ὁ παλαιόφρων ὃς τε δημοτικός,
χὼ Σεμνογέρων, εἰ καὶ δυνατὸν
καὶ θέμις αὐτῷ,
καὶ Τρηβελύαν ὁ Κόθορνος.

CHORUS.

Let all rejoice, who love the voice
Of Muses Greek or Roman,
Progressive or Conservative,
And be excluded no man ;
Rejoice if he can, the Grand Old Man,
(If lawful for Rebellion)
Rejoice for that our champion Rat,
Sir G—— O—— T——n.

A DRY BOHN.

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